Source Books of American History

The Legends of the Iroquois

The Legends of the Iroquois

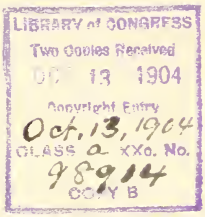
TOLD BY "THE CORNPLANTER"

From Authoritative Notes and Studies

By WILLIAM W. CANFIELD

New York
A. Wessels Company
MCMII

(*Published October, 1902*)



Contents

About Indian Legends 9
The Authority 15
The Confederation of the Iroquois 23
Birth of the Arbutus 41
A Legend of the River 47
Legends of the Corn 51
The First Winter 55
The Great Mosquito 59
The Story of Oniata 63
The Mirror in the Water 73
The Buzzard's Covering 77
Origin of the Violet 81
The Turtle Clan 85
The Healing Waters 89
The Sacrifice of Aliquipiso 99
Why the Animals do not Talk 103
The Message Bearers 119
The Wise Sachem's Gift 123
The Flying Head 125
The Ash Tree 127
The Hunter 129
Hiawatha 137
The Peacemaker 149
An Unwelcome Visitor 155
The Four Winds 159
Bits of Folk-Lore 169
The Happy Hunting-Grounds 177
The Sacred Stone of the Oneidas 195
Notes to the Legends 205

About Indian Legends

ABOUT INDIAN LEGENDS

THE Indians neither built monuments nor wrote books. The only records they made were those picture writings known in after years as wampum, which were mere symbols, recording feats of arms. Consequently, all that is known of them prior to the coming to America of Europeans is traditional or conjectural. Not a page of their history has ever been written by any save their foes, and the history thus written is so distorted and marred by prejudice that much of it is misleading.

In the veins of the red man ran the wild poetry and imagination of the hunt, the chase, the battle, the capture, the dance, the forests, the valleys, the mountains, the streams, lakes and rivers, for a thousand generations; and yet they were without accomplishment in letters or arts. Is it, therefore, strange that they held in great reverence the traditions and legends common in their tribes—revered them as the early Christians revered the first copies of the sacred writings? These legends were told over again and again for unknown years. They

were transmitted from one to another, as the unwritten work of Freemasonry has been transmitted—by frequent and careful repetition. They were not bandied about like ordinary stories, but, repeated with something of a religious or sacramental spirit, as though the tales imparted an especial virtue to those who learned them from reliable sources; were held as sacred as we hold the transactions of an honored secret society.

The legends common to one clan were known all over the continent wherever Indians of that clan lived, and there is little doubt that many of the legends of the Iroquois can be found in some form among those of the Western Indian tribes of the present time. Yet the traditions of the Iroquois herein contained are known positively to be two hundred years old, and are confidently believed to be the stories told by the red men thousands of years ago.

The Indians never explained anything by the science of natural philosophy. Every effect had to them a mysterious, supernatural cause. They could not comprehend how sound thrown against an obstructing surface would be repeated and form an echo. Instead they found supernatural reasons for the phenomenon, and certainly very pretty ones. Only

the absurdity of their ideas may appear to some, for in the light of present intelligence they are absurd, but, none the less, they are beautiful. If our forefathers had taken more interest in the peoples they found on the Western Continent, spending less of their energies in devising plans for cheating the Indians out of their furs and lands—a policy their descendants have closely followed and admirably succeeded in—our libraries might contain volumes o fairy tales that would delight the youth of many generations.

It is not too much to ask the reader to remember that these stories were told in the homes of the red men many centuries ago, long before they learned from the whites the cruel, heartless, treacherous and vindictive characteristics that unfair history has fastened upon them as natural and inherent traits. If this is borne in mind, the perusal and study of these stories will, it is believed, give as much pleasure to the reader as the study of the Indian character, made necessary in order to properly clothe their almost forgotten legends with something like their original embellishment, has given the author.

The Authority

THE AUTHORITY

T is not the purpose of this volume to deal to any considerable extent with the history of the Indians, but simply to present some of the legends of the Iroquois. To the reader or student, however, is due a brief statement as to the authority from which the folk-lore contained herein has been drawn, that there may remain no question as to its reliability.

A few years after the close of the war of the Revolution one of the pioneers of Western New York, who was in the service of the Holland Land Company, made the acquaintance and won the friendship of the Seneca chief, the Cornplanter, (Gy-ant-wah-chi, or, as written by some authorities, Gar-yan-wah-ga). The friendship continued as long as the two men lived and was marked by its cordiality. In their intercourse they were thrown together many winters, and the Cornplanter was led to talk freely of his people, their past, their present condition, and their future, and it was during these confidences that the Indian told his white friend many of the Iroquois legends. To the recol-

lections of the Cornplanter was added the knowledge possessed upon the subject by the Nephew (Governor Blacksnake), who resided upon the same reservation and in the immediate vicinity, and that of "other old men and leaders of these Indians." The legends were preserved in outline notes upon the blank pages of some diaries and civil engineer field-books which the white man was accustomed to keep; and these outlines, with full oral explanations came finally into the possession of the present writer. About twenty-five years ago the work of their further verification by means of inquiries made of some of the most intelligent Indians in New York State was commenced. Many of those consulted had only imperfect knowledge of the legends, others knew one or more of the stories, and, by aid of the outlines referred to above, were able to assist in the work of their restoration. Among those who gave most valuable assistance was Simon Blackchief and his mother. The latter spoke only in the Indian tongue, and her version of such of the stories as she had heard in her girlhood was translated by her son. Chief John Mountpleasant, Harrison Halftown, Elias Johnson and John Kinjocity also gave valuable assistance. The late B. Giles Casler, who was the United States Indian Agent for New York State for

a term of years, accompanied the author upon a number of visits to several of the reservations. Through these helps, and by a study pursued under the favoring circumstance of former residence in close proximity to the Allegany Reservation, the present writer believes that he has succeeded in bringing these legends to a point approximating their original beauty. In their elaboration care has been taken not to depart from the simplicity and directness of statement characteristic of the Indian, and only such additions that seemed to be warranted have been made. Whenever the primary authority for a legend is other than the Cornplanter, the fact is mentioned in the appended notes.

Although the Cornplanter was a half-breed, he was more thoroughly acquainted with the traditions of his people than any contemporary chief in the nations comprising the Iroquois. He was born in Conewangus, on the Genesee river, probably in the year 1732, and died on Cornplanter Island in the Allegany river, in the State of Pennsylvania, near the New York line, March 7, 1836, at the age of one hundred and four years. He was the son of John Abeel (also written O'Bail), a trader among the Indians. His mother was an Indian Princess of the Turtle Clan.

From his earliest recollection the Cornplanter had

a pronounced hatred of the whites, caused, no doubt, by the remembrance of the cruel treatment to which his mother was subjected by his father, who seems to have taken an Indian wife in order that he might gain the friendship of the Indians, and thus secure good bargains in trade. The errors of history have led us to believe that love or respect for a mother were sentiments almost foreign to the Indian race. These feelings always existed among them, however, to a much greater degree than we are willing to concede, though their respect and love for women and children were greater before their simple natures were blunted and distorted by the vicious practices of the invading Europeans.

The Cornplanter spent his early years at the council-fires, and became one of the most celebrated orators in the Confederation of the Six Nations. He traveled from village to village and sought wisdom from the sages of the Iroquois. It was during this portion of his life that he listened to the traditions that had descended from chief to chief over a period of three centuries. When he had acquired a reputation for bravery and woodcraft second to none of his race, he was unanimously chosen Chief of the Senecas, and came at once into prominence as the leader of the war-parties of that nation in alliance with the

French against the English. . He was present at the defeat of Braddock, and, for a long time, by the most daring and cruel raids on the frontier settlements, spread destruction in the Mohawk Valley and in Western New York. He was at that time an implacable foe to all white people, and the names of Cornplanter, Brant, and Red Jacket were synonomous with capture, torture and massacre. They were the chief councilors and leaders of their people and fought against every overture made by the whites.

In 1779, near the mouth of Redbank Creek, in Pennsylvania, the Cornplanter, with a large force of Indians, engaged in battle against a party of whites, led by Captain Samuel Brady. The engagement terminated in favor of the whites, and many of the Indians were killed or wounded. The survivors fled to the river, then swollen with the spring rains, and dashed into its current. Few suceeeded in crossing; one by one they were swept down the stream or sank, pierced by the bullets of Brady's men. The Cornplanter reached the opposite shore almost alone. From that moment the high spirit of the daring chieftain began to falter and he sought peace, making, in 1791, a treaty with "The Great Chief of the Thirteen Fires." The medal and other mementoes given him by Washington are

still preserved by the descendants of the chief. He was put in possession of the island that bears his name, and ever afterwards devoted himself to farming and pursuits of peace. For many years he labored faithfully to eradicate the habits of intemperance into which his people had fallen, and, strange as it may seem, was the first temperance lecturer in the United States. He entertained the highest respect for Washington, and visited him several times in Philadelphia.

It was during the last twenty years of the Cornplanter's life that the legends herein contained were recalled and told. He did not speak of them generally, for he held them sacred, but reserved them for the ears of those in full sympathy with the people of which he was one of the last true representatives. He told them with an intensity of feeling that was pitiful, for it was plain he realized that the greatness of his people had disappeared, leaving neither monuments nor achievements to mark their place in the history of the world.

The Cornplanter died a strong believer in the religion of the red men, and looked forward with an eye of faith towards the Happy Hunting-Grounds, for which countless generations of his people had been taught to hope.

The Legends

THE CONFEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS

THERE was peace in the land of the Senecas. The red men were away upon the chase, or busied themselves in fashioning the arrow-points and in shaping the mighty bows from which the shafts of death were sent forth when food was needed in the wigwam. The Indian women stooped among the blades of growing corn and tilled the soil between the thrifty stalks with sharp-pointed branches from the strong young hickory. The children ran and leaped in the sunshine and their laughter filled the air and mingled with the low, crooning songs of the old men and women who watched them, while dreams of their youth rose like phantoms from the past. Under the fresh verdure of a new-born summer, groups of the young men and maidens were plaiting the soft and flexible willows into baskets, mats and coverings. Abroad on the hills the medicine men roamed, marking the places where the prized and cherished herbs that drove away the bad spirits of suffering and sickness had put forth their vigorous shoots.

There was peace in the land of the Senecas, and for many moons they had waged no war against their brothers. Their villages were growing in strength ; their numbers were increasing in greatness. The young men were taught to follow the chase, but their ears had drunk the stories of wars, and their hearts burned to be upon the trail, seeking conquest over the powerful tribes of the Mohawks, Onondagas or Oneidas. When the soft winds came, some of them said to their elders, "We will go into the country of the Mohawks and learn from our brothers there if the Manito gave them corn for the winter, and if the venison was sweet to their tongues."

Five suns they threaded the forests and sported along the pleasant streams. At last they came upon some young men and maidens of the Mohawk nation engaged in preparing the ground for the maize. Forgetting the counsels of their elders, or heedless of what they had said to them, and eager to show their cunning, they surprised and bound the young Mohawks and carried them away as captives toward the land of the Senecas.

When they had passed the homes of the Onondagas, which they did without discovery, they released one of the young men and told him to go

back to the Mohawks and say to them that they would find their maidens in the wigwams of the Senecas, their young men slaves in the villages.

The wise men and sachems of the council shook their heads gravely when the young warriors boasted of their conquest, for they knew that the peace of the Senecas was broken.

A few days had passed, when, one evening as the fires began to cast their red lights against the rough sides of the great trees, five Mohawk warriors appeared at the council village of the Senecas.

"Let the swift runners say to the chiefs of the Senecas that the warriors of the Mohawks have been long upon the trail and must not sleep. By the light of the council-fire they would tell the message that is sweet to the tongues of the Mohawks but which will burn the ears of the Senecas who listen." Thus spoke Orontadeka, the strong chief of the Mohawks, as he strode to the council-place of the Senecas, followed by the four solemn and determined sachems who accompanied him on the mission. They at once took seats upon the ground and in silence awaited the coming of the Senecas.

Soon the fire-keepers of the tribe came to the council-place, and with due ceremony started three fires. When the last was lighted, the Seneca chiefs,

sachems and warriors took their stations in silence around the blazing resinous wood. Dark forms hurried from the well-beaten paths which led through the forest to the different villages of the Senecas, and, without a word or sign of recognition, the warriors who had been notified by the swift runners and had come from their distant homes, took their places by the council-fire. At length, when all had assembled, the Seneca chief, Kanyego, arose and said :

"Will the great chiefs of the Mohawks eat ?"

"The Mohawks have heavy trouble on their hearts and the food of the Senecas would choke their voices," replied Orontadeka.

"Shall the bowl of the pipe be filled, that the Mohawks may be happy in its visions ?" again asked Kanyego.

"The Mohawks would see clearly, and the clouds from the peacemaker might blind their eyes," was the reply.

"The Senecas have food for their brothers, the Mohawks, and the fire-keepers have in readiness the pipe that the Great Spirit gave to our fathers," said Kanyego. "The Senecas also have ears to hear what the Mohawks would say. Let Orontadeka speak."

Rising suddenly from his crouching position on the ground, Orontadeka walked rapidly around the council-fires several times and then addressed the assemblage :

"My Brothers: When the warm suns came and the death-sheets of snow that covered the ground were turned to leaping streams of laughing water, the Mohawks were happy in their homes, where Kanyego has many times smoked the pipe of peace and eaten the food given him by his brothers. The plague had not come from its home in the north during the winter, and the wigwams were fat with their store of corn and beans. The swift runners went away to the shining waters beyond the big mountains, and after many suns they returned to say that the enemies of the Mohawks had gone beyond the great pine trees and would plant and till new fields and follow the chase in strange forests.

"My Brothers: The Mohawks were happy, for their wigwams had need to be made greater, and there is much work for the men to do. The women and children sang because the warriors went not upon the trail, and the old men turned their thoughts to the passing of peaceful days in the villages. Suddenly an alarm came to our ears, and the hopes in our hearts fled in terror. As the red fox steals upon

the nest of the partridge and carries her chickens away to his home in the rocks, so came those who should be our friends and took as prisoners three of our young men and their five sisters. When the great light drew within the door of his wigwam, the people in the village looked in vain for the coming of their children. The grief of the lonely parents whose children were lost went out to all our villages. After seven suns a party of our warriors came upon one of the young men wandering alone and without food in the forest. Then to our wondering ears came the story that his brothers were slaves in the land of the Senecas, and that his sisters had become the wives of the Seneca robbers.

"My Brothers: The council fire was lighted at night, for the Mohawks must talk of war. Gwagonsha stood before his people and told them how he had heard the birds and the wind talking together in the tree-tops, and how they agreed between them that the Senecas had wandered away toward the warm lands, and the wolves now lived in their deserted lodges. Owennogon said that even the fishes knew that the Senecas were afraid to seek their slaves in the Cat Nation beyond the thundering waters, and for that reason they had sent out scouts to steal children. Kanentagoura

stood before the council-fire and said that the women of the Senecas were no longer young, but came into the world with many moons upon their heads, while their backs were bent with age, and wrinkles were upon their faces. If the Seneca warriors would have wives they must steal them from the Mohawks, the Onondagas or the Oneidas, for they had no wampum or canoes with which to buy them. Kantaga told his people that their arrows must be made ready and the thongs of their bows must be strengthened. If the Senecas had gone away to the warm lands, and wolves had taken possession of their villages, the wolves must be killed, for they were dangerous animals. If the Senecas had become cowards and were afraid to seek their slaves in the Cat Nation, they should be killed, for the earth had no room upon it for cowards. Or, if the women of the Senecas were such monsters that they could not be taken as wives, and the Senecas had no wampum or canoes with which to buy maidens for their wigwams, then they must surely be killed, for the Great Spirit was displeased with them.

"My Brothers: The warriors of the Mohawks set out at once through the forest-paths for the land of the Senecas, and when they reached the village of the

Onondagas they told them the cause of their journey, and the warriors of the Onondagas left their lodges to the care of the old men and women and followed the Mohawks on the trail. They remain beside the long waters while Orontadeka and his friends visit the council-fire of the Senecas. We look around us and we find that some of the stories told of the Senecas are not true. The Senecas still inhabit their own lodges, and have not been driven away by wolves. Upon your streams and lakes are plenty of canoes, and in the wigwams hang many strings of wampum. The women of the Senecas are not old and ugly, for we see maidens here whose eyes are like the fires lighted by the Great Spirit when the sun has gone in his wigwam, and whose forms are straight as the ash trees.

"But we know that the young men of the Mohawks were made slaves in the villages of the Senecas, and that the Mohawk maidens are now the wives of your young chiefs. We are full of sorrow. We have not sought war, and we know that much suffering must be the result, for the warriors of the Mohawks and the Onondagas are many and their arrows are long. They will burn your villages and send many of your warriors to their long journey.

Your wives and little ones will be driven helpless into the forest, and your old men will speak wisdom only to the fishes. The Senecas are child-stealers and cowards, and the Mohawks and Onondagas will drive them to the warm lands, where they can wear the tobacco pouches of the women and become slaves."

A murmur of sharp anger ran through the crowd of listening Senecas when these bold words were spoken by Orontadeka. A sudden gesture of Kanyego, chief of the Senecas, suppressed it, however, and he rose to make his reply. For a long time he stood silent, with folded arms and bent head, and then he said:

"My Brothers: When Orontadeka, the Mohawk, has walked forth in the forest and has watched the young of the bear at play, he has seen that they are never still, but are full of life and daring deeds, even though their parents reprove them with harsh voices. So has my brother seen the fawns run like the wind across the plains, darting back and forth as though they could never tire, until their elders draw in a circle about them and will not let them out. My brother knows that the young men are as full of life as the young animals, and, like the storms, cannot be restrained in their

course by those who look upon their destructive ways with fear.

"When the young men of the Senecas journeyed on the trail they were counseled by their elders to be wise, but their ears were stopped and their eyes were closed to the dangers that lay in their path. They forgot what had been told them, and from the homes of the Mohawks they brought maidens for their wigwams. They had fears that the young Mohawk braves would be lost in the forest without the maidens to guide them, and so they led them to the land of the Senecas, where they might be taught to fashion the bow and be of use to the women in keeping the birds from the corn. The chiefs and sachems of the Senecas were not pleased that their young warriors should have done this, but young men should never be punished for deeds of bravery, even when they have forgotten the wise counsel of the old men, lest they become cowards.

"My Brothers: If the Mohawks had come to the council-fire of the Senecas and asked that canoes and wampum and the warm furs of the bear and the beaver be given them for their maidens the council would have heeded their request, for have we not plenty? Even the young Mohawks would have been returned to the care of their fathers, so

that they might be kept safe and not become wanderers where the wolves and panthers might harm them. But the Mohawks have not thought best to do this, and have come to the council-fire at night, when only war can be talked. They have refused to eat the food offered them by the Senecas, and when the fire-keepers would light the peace-pipe, they turned their heads. They come to tell us that the warriors of the Mohawks have aroused the warriors of the Onondagas, who are now upon the trail, ready and waiting to destroy the homes of the Senecas, and anxious to drive us from the land the Great Spirit gave us.

"When the red men of the valley have come to the council-fire of the Senecas without threats of war in their mouths they have always been welcome, and when they had talked they departed in peace. But now they come as spies and say that we are cowards, and bring the Mohawk and Onondaga warriors behind them to destroy our villages. For this reason let the Mohawk chiefs remain at our council-fire and the young Mohawk men and women will be brought to keep them company. If the warriors of the Mohawks and Onondagas come too close to the village of the Senecas they will see Orontadeka and his friends start forth on the long

journey, and they will know that many will be sent to follow the same trail."

The Mohawks were wholly unprepared for this turn of affairs, which must have been agreed upon by the Senecas before the council opened. They were quickly bound as prisoners. When the dawn broke the five Mohawk chiefs, with the maidens and young men who had been stolen from their homes, were held under a strong guard on a slight eminence near the village, and the order had been given that if the invading warriors approached the village Orontadeka and his fellow-prisoners should at once be put to death. Scores of Seneca scouts were scouring the woods in every direction, and a young Seneca, fearless of the dangers to which he was exposed, had long ago started on his way to the camp of the superior force to inform them that the Mohawk chiefs were held as hostages. He fulfilled his mission and was at once made a prisoner.

In the Seneca village all was activity. The women and children were making ready to hurry away under guard, while the warriors were planning ambuscades, in order that they might hold back the attacking force as long as possible and cover the escape of their women and children toward the south.

The sun rose higher in the heavens and the scouts of the Senecas returned one by one from the forest, telling of the advance of a great war-party of Mohawks and Onondagas. Nearer and nearer they approached, evidently believing that their great numbers rendered caution unnecessary, and that the Senecas would either flee in panic or sue for peace at whatever terms the invaders might dictate. A short distance from the village a party of five Senecas came forward to meet them, and in loud voices warned their foes to approach no nearer if they would save the lives of their chiefs and of the Indian boys and girls held as prisoners with them. A halt was called and the attacking party was upon the point of parleying with the Senecas when the voice of Orontadeka was heard:

"The Senecas should be driven away by the warriors of the Mohawks and the Onondagas," he cried, "for not only are they child-stealers and cowards, but traitors, who have forgotten that the Great Spirit made the council-fire and commanded that it should not be violated. Orontadeka is ready to go on his long journey. Let the warriors advance and see the cowards run through the forest. Orontadeka and his friends will teach them how to die."

The guards over the captive Mohawks seized their victims and raised their heavy stone-hatchets to strike the death-blows. The Mohawks and Onondagas knew that advance on their part meant certain death to their chiefs and the other prisoners, but they prepared to go forward with a rush.

Then the voice of one of the young Mohawk girls rose in a cry that fastened the attention of the warriors of both parties. Her gaze was directed toward the sun, and from her lips came words that carried fear and consternation to all their hearts.

"See, see, my Brothers! The Great Spirit hides his smiling face and will not look upon the battle of the red men. He will go away and leave them in darkness if they burn the villages and with their poisoned arrows send the hunters and the women and the children on their long journey before they have been called. Look thou, my brothers, he has seen the Mohawk maidens happy in the lodges of the Senecas, and he will not look upon them in misery and death. He hides his face, my brothers! He hides his face!"

A moan of terrible fear went up from the warriors—men who could meet death on the chase or in the battle with a smile were unnerved by that

awful spectacle. They saw a black disc moving forward over the face of an unclouded sun.

The guards released their prisoners and fell at their feet. Mohawks, Senecas and Onondagas mingled, imploring each other for pardon and protesting the most profound friendship. The Seneca women and children hurried from the woods, where they had been in hiding, and lent their voices to the general clamor of fear. The wild, savage faces, streaked with the various colored earths and pigments, were turned in fearful apprehension toward the fast-darkening heavens, becoming wilder and more savage by the terrible fear that filled them. The sachems and wise men hid their faces in their fur robes, and the warriors groveled in terror upon the ground. The eagle, the hawk and flocks of smaller birds darted blindly among the branches of the trees, while strange cries of alarm and distress came from every side. The panther and the bear ran whimpering and whining with the rabbit; the fox and other denizens of the forest sought the frightened red men for protection, or lay trembling and panting under the cover of some prostrate giant of the forest.

On, on crept that fearful black shadow, eating its way into the disc of the beautiful sun, like a mighty

demon that had come to blot out of existence the source of light and warmth and life, while over the fresh and budding earth spread the ghostly gloom that never fails to inspire the most careless observer with awe. The flowers that filled the woods with such profusion closed as though night had suddenly fallen upon them; the warmth and fragrance of the day that had opened with such glory gave way to the damps of evening, while the stars and planets appeared again in the heavens. Over the whole face of nature was thrown an unearthly, cadaverous hue, and in the sudden chill everything was cold and sodden with the falling dew.

At last, through that awful gloom, the frightened and trembling red men saw the once tall and erect, but now bent and tottering, form of Sagoyountha, the aged sachem of the Senecas, creeping forth from his wigwam. Reaching the center of the terror-stricken assemblage, the aged man appeared to be suddenly endowed with the vigor of youth, and stood before them like a mighty warrior, while his scarred and wrinkled face, upon which had beaten the storms of more than a hundred winters, was turned toward the dread spectacle in the heavens, the like of which even Sagoyountha had never looked upon. His voice rang once more with the clear

tones that had awakened the echoes of the forests long before any of his listeners were born, and it sounded strangely sharp and loud in the awesome silence that prevailed.

"My children, Sagoyountha speaks to you in the voice of the past, but his eyes are looking into the future. The Great Spirit is angry with his children, for he would have them live in peace. He has drawn the door of his wigwam before his smiling face, and his children will see him no more, unless they smoke the pipe that he gave their fathers when he sent them forth from the Happy Hunting-Grounds. Sagoyountha has spoken. Will his children hear his voice?"

Kanyego sprang from the ground as though stung by an adder, and, crouching low, ran rapidly to the village. He was absent but a few moments, and came running once more to the circle of chiefs, bearing in his hands the sacred pipe, in which was glowing the fragrant tobacco. From one to another it was hastily passed, while the anxious faces were upturned in mute appeal towards the darkened sun.

Look! ah, look! The aged Sagoyountha reaches out his arms in supplication, and the bright and dazzling edge of the beautiful orb of day once more appears!

Shouts of joy arise from the red men, while the women and children cry aloud with gladness, as hope once more comes to their hearts. The aged Sagoyountha sinks to the ground, and, with feeble voice and trembling lips, commences the chanting of his death-song. Fainter and fainter are the words borne upon the air as the light of the sun increases, and, finally, the breathless throng lose the tones wafted back from the journeying spirit as it reaches the very portals of the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

In the light of the twice-dawned day, and in the presence of the sacred dead, who had pointed out to the red men the path by which to escape the displeasure of their Father, the Confederacy of the Iroquois was formed.

BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS

MANY, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge beside a frozen stream in the great forest beyond the wide waters of the northern lakes. His locks were long and white with age and frost. The fur of the bear and cunning beaver covered his body, but none too warmly, for snow and ice were everywhere. Over all the earth there was winter. The winds came down the bleak mountain sides and wildly hurried through the branches of the trees and bushes, looking for song-birds that they might chill to the heart. Even the evil spirits shivered in the desolation and sought to dig for themselves sheltering caves in the deep snow and ice. Lonely and halting the old man went abroad in the forest, looking for the broken branches that had fallen from the trees that he might keep alive the fire in his lodge. Few fagots could he find, and in despair he again sought his lodge, where, hovering over the fading embers on his hearth, he cried in anguish to the Great Spirit that he might not perish.

Then the wind moaned in the tree-tops and circling through the forests came back and blew aside the skin of the great bear hanging over his lodge door, and, lo! a beautiful maiden entered. Her cheeks were red like the leaves of wild roses; her eyes were large and glowed like the eyes of the fawn at night; her hair was black as the wing of the crow, and so long that it brushed the ground as she walked. Her hands were clad in willow buds; over her head was a crown of flowers; her mantle was woven with sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white lilies, laced and embroidered with the petals of honeysuckle. When she breathed, the air of the lodge became warm, and the cold winds rushed back in affright.

The old man looked in wonder at his strange visitor, and then opened his lips and said: "My daughter, thou art welcome to the poor shelter of my cheerless lodge. It is lonely and desolate, and the Great Spirit has covered the fallen branches of the trees with his death-cloth that I may not find them and light again the fire of my lodge. Come, sit thou here and tell me whom thou art that thou dost wander like the deer in the forest. Tell me also of thy country and what people gave thee such beauty and grace, and then I, the desolate Manito,

will tell thee of my victories till thou dost weary of my greatness."

The maiden smiled, and the sunlight streamed forth and shot its warmth through the roof of the lodge. The desolate Manito filled his pipe of friendship, and when he had drawn of the fragrant tobacco, he said: "When I, the Manito, blow the breath from my nostrils the waters of the river stand still, the great waves on the lakes rest, and the murmurings of the streams die away in silence."

Then the maiden said: "The Manito is great and strong and the waters know the touch of his breath; but when I, the loved of the birds, smile, the flowers spring up over all the forest and the plains are covered with a carpet of green."

Then said the Manito: "I shake my locks, and lo! the earth is wrapped in the death-cloth of snow."

Then the maiden replied: "I breathe into the air and the warm rains come and the death-cloth vanishes like the darkness when the great fire awakens from its bed in the morning."

Then the Manito said: "When I walk about, the leaves die on the trees and fall to the ground; the birds desert their nests and fly away beyond the lakes; the animals bury themselves in holes in the

earth or in caves in the mountain side, and the winds wail the death-chant over all the land."

"Ah, great is the Manito," said the maiden, "and his mighty name is feared by all living things in the land. 'Great is the Manito,' says all the world, and his fame has spread among the children of the Great Spirit till they crouch with fear and say: 'Mighty and cruel is the Manito! Terrible is the Manito, and more cruel and cunning in his tortures than the red men. His strength is greater than the strength of the giant trees of the forest, for does he not rend them with his mighty hands?' But when I, the gentle maiden, walk forth, the trees cover with many leaves the nakedness which thou, the great Manito, hath caused; the birds sing in the branches and build again the nests from which thou drivest them; the animals seek their mates and rear their young; the wind sings soft and pleasant music to the ears of the red man, while his wives and papooses sport in the warm sunshine near his wigwam."

As the maiden spoke, the lodge grew warm and bright, but the boasting Manito heeded it not, for his head drooped forward on his breast, and he slept.

Then the maiden passed her hands above the

Manito's head and he began to grow small. The blue birds came and filled the trees about the lodge and sang, while the rivers lifted up their waters and boiled with freedom. Streams of water poured from the Manito's mouth, and the garments that covered his shrunken and vanishing form turned into bright and glistening leaves.

Then the maiden knelt upon the ground and took from her bosom most precious and beautiful rose-white flowers. She hid them under the leaves all about her, and as she breathed with love upon them, said:

"I give to you, oh! precious jewels, all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and men shall pluck thee with bowed head and on bended knee."

Then the maiden moved over the plains, the hills and the mountains. The birds and the winds sang together in joyous chorus, while the flowers lifted up their heads and greeted her with fragrance.

Wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

A LEGEND OF THE RIVER

MANY hundred moons ago there dwelt among the Senecas a maiden named Tonadahwa, whom every young chief coveted to grace his wigwam. One of the young braves of her tribe had won her heart by imperiling his life to save her from impending danger, and to none other would she listen. Her smiles were all for her hero, and her eyes lighted like the sunbeams when he was near.

One day the maiden was urging her canoe swiftly along the river, little thinking that great danger awaited her and threatened her life and happiness. Darting along the bank of the stream, unseen by Tonadahwa, was a young Seneca warrior, who had been a suitor for her hand, but whom she had spurned and avoided. Her light canoe had borne her far from the village of the Senecas, when she suddenly heard what she supposed was the call of her lover on the shore. Resting on her paddle, Tonadahwa listened and again heard the welcome call that deepened the rich color in her rounded cheeks. Answering with a cry of joy, she headed

the canoe toward the bank, and with a few strokes sent it gliding underneath the overhanging branches.

But it was not the form of Tonadahwa's lover that sprang suddenly into the canoe. It was that of the dark and angry rival, and she saw in his face a look of evil triumph.

The maiden uttered no shriek, gave expression to no surprise, though her eyes darkened and her cheeks assumed a duskier hue. With an exclamation that almost drove hope from Tonadahwa's heart, the hated lover caught the paddle from her hands and sent the light craft rapidly towards the middle of the stream.

Suddenly a bright object cleft the air and an arrow sped from the bank of the river and buried itself between the shoulders of the cowardly abductor as he bent forward to clasp the shrinking maiden in his arms. With a cry, the defeated rival leaped into the river, hurling the paddle from him as he sprang, and with his last remaining effort pushed the canoe and its occupant far out into the rapid current. The whirling, seething rapids caught the helpless craft and bore it onward with terrific speed. Tonadahwa waved a farewell to her lover, and, chanting her death-song, which the pines along the shore caught

and whispered, the canoe went flying amid the mist and spray of that roaring tide.

Green as the emerald, save where whipped into white foam or enshrouded in mist, the river rushed on, and the frail canoe, tossed as a plaything at the sport of the current, was whirled onward until lost in the roar and tumult of the impetuous flood.

Like the wind the despairing lover flew along the shore to the high banks overlooking the falls. There he paused a moment until the canoe and its precious freight were lost to view. Then, raising his arms a moment toward the Happy Hunting-Grounds, he leaped into the fearful abyss.

But amid the pelting spray and beating flood appeared myriads of shadowy forms—spirits of the mighty braves who long before had found the land of pleasant forests. Swiftly, yet gently, they lowered the form of the hero until he stood unharmed beneath the fall of roaring water, and received in his arms the unconscious form of Tonadahwa, which was held by the braves to await his coming.

Clinging to the broken rocks, buffeted and blinded by the awful flood, the daring and triumphant Seneca bore his loved burden to a place of safety and watched with thankfulness her return to consciousness and life.

The pine trees ever after gently murmured Tonadahwa's song, and, mingled with the roar of waters, listening lovers through all succeeding time can often hear the strange, weird cry of Tonadahwa's lover as he plunged headlong after the beloved maiden.

LEGENDS OF THE CORN

N old and honored chief went alone to the top of a high mountain to meet the Great Spirit. The chief told the Great Spirit that the red men were tired of the roots and herbs which, with the fruits that grew on the trees and the bushes, made up their food, and he asked the Father to send them some of the food used in the Happy Hunting-Grounds. The Great Spirit told the chief to take his wives and papooses and go forth in the moon of rains and stand on one of the plains, not moving from the place where they stopped for the space of three suns. Then the Great Spirit would come and give the Indians food. The chief went back to his people and told them what he had heard from the Great Spirit. When the moon of rains came they did as the chief had been directed. In three suns all had fallen asleep. They were left undisturbed by the Indians, for this peculiar manifestation was regarded as a mark of especial favor. In a few weeks the old chief and the members of his family had changed into luxuriant green plants. The council assembled,

sent the wise men to visit the field, and what they found there was corn.

* * * * * * *

Long and earnestly a young brave wooed a beautiful maiden, and at last gained her consent to live with him in his wigwam. But the days and nights were lonely without her and the young brave could not remain away from her lodge. Fearing that she might be stolen by one of her many admirers, or that danger might come to her, he slept at night in the forest that he might be near to protect her. One night he was awakened by a light footstep and, starting up, saw his loved one stealing out of her lodge as a sleep-walker. He pursued her, but, as if fleeing in her dreams from a danger that threatened her life, she ran from him, speeding through the paths like the fleet-footed hare. On and on he followed, and finally drew so near that he could hear her quick breath and the rapid beating of her heart. With all his remaining strength the lover sprang forward and clasped the maiden's form to his breast. What was his grief and astonishment when he found that his arms clasped, not the maiden he loved, but a strange plant the like of which he had never seen before. The maiden had awakened just as her lover overtook her, and had been so

frightened at her surroundings that she was transformed. She had raised her arms to her head just as her lover caught her, and her uplifted hands were changed into ears of corn, and where her fingers caught her hair the maize bears beautiful silken threads.

THE FIRST WINTER

HERE was a time when the days were always of the same length, and it was always summer. The red men lived continually in the smile of the Great Spirit, and they were happy. But there arose a chief who was so powerful that he at last declared himself mightier than the Great Spirit, and taught his brothers to go forth to the plains and mock the Great Spirit. They would call upon the Great Spirit to come and fight with them, or would challenge him to take away the crop of growing corn, or drive the game from the woods; they would say he was an unkind father to keep to himself and their dead brothers the Happy Hunting-Grounds, where the red men could hunt forever without weariness. They laughed at their old men, who had feared for so many moons to reproach the Great Spirit for his unfair treatment of the Indians, who were compelled to hunt and fish for game for their wives and children, while their women had to plant the corn and harvest it. "In the Happy Hunting-Grounds," they said, "the Great Spirit feeds our brothers and their

wives and does not let any foes or dangers come upon them, but here he lets us go hungry many times. If he is as great as you have said, why does he not take care of his children here?"

Then the Great Spirit told them he would turn his smiling face away from them, so that they should have no more light and warmth, and must build fires in the forests if they would see.

But the red men laughed and taunted him, telling him that he had followed one trail so long that he could not get out of it, but would have to come every day and give them light and heat. Then they would dance and make faces at him and taunt him with his helplessness.

In a few days the quick eyes of some of the red men saw in the morning the face of the Great Spirit appear where it was not wont to appear, but they were silent, fearing the jibes of their brothers. Finally duller eyes noticed the change, and alarm and consternation spread among the people. Each day brought less and less of the Great Spirit's smile and his countenance was often hidden by dark clouds, while terrible storms beat upon the frightened faces turned in appeal toward the heavens. The strong braves and warriors became as women; the old men covered their heads with skins and starved in the

forests; while the women in their lodges crooned the low, mournful wail of the death-song, and the papooses crawled among the caves in the rocks and mountains and died unheeded. Frosts and snows came upon an unsheltered and stricken race, and many of them perished.

Then the Great Spirit, who had almost removed his face from the sight of the red men, had pity, and told them he would come back. Day after day the few that remained alive watched with joy the return of the sun. They sang in praise of the approaching summer, and once more hailed with thankfulness the first blades of growing corn as it burst from the ground. The Great Spirit told his children that every year, as a punishment for the insults they had given their Father, they should feel for a season the might of the power they had mocked; and they murmured not, but bowed their heads in meekness.

From the bodies of those who had perished of cold and hunger sprang all manner of poisonous plants, which spread themselves over the earth to vex and endanger the lives of the Indians of all generations; and in after years when any of the Indians from any reason "ate of the fatal root," it was said of them that they had "eaten of the bodies of their brothers who had defied the Great Spirit."

THE GREAT MOSQUITO

AN immense bird preyed upon the red men in all parts of the country. Their homes were at no time safe from its ravages. Often it would carry away children playing beside the wigwams, or, like a bolt of lightning, dart from the sky and strike a woman or man bleeding and dying to the earth. Whole fields of corn had been destroyed in a single night by its ravages, and its coming was so swift and terrible that the Indians hardly dared stir from the shelter of their houses. A strong party of Cayugas and Onondagas finally determined upon its death, no matter at what cost to themselves. A young warrior offered himself for the sacrifice. He was provided with a quantity of raw-hide thongs, and repaired to one of the open spaces, where it was believed the dreaded monster would discover and descend upon him. The young brave was to bind one of the thongs upon the bird's feet or upon some portion of its body, if possible, before he killed him, and then his companions, rushing from their place of concealment, would try to slay the enemy

that had been snared with such difficulty. The preparations were elaborately made, and the young brave went forth on his dangerous mission.

Three days he sat, chanting his death-song and awaiting the coming of his terrible fate. On the morning of the fourth day the sky was suddenly darkened and the watchers saw that the great bird was slowly circling above the heroic young Cayuga. He ceased his chanting, and, standing upright, shouted defiance to the almost certain death that awaited him.

With a scream that turned the hearts of the waiting Indians cold with terror, the bird dropped upon its victim like a panther on his prey. A short and terrible struggle took place and then the concealed warriors rushed forth to finish the work of their brave young companion, who had succeeded in throwing one of the thongs over the great mosquito's neck. They brought willing and ready hands to the battle, and the arrows poured upon the struggling mass like a storm of hail. After a long encounter the bird was killed, and the young Cayuga smiled in triumph as his last glance rested upon the dead body of the monster.

Runners were at once dispatched to the villages to inform the Indians of the victory, and soon vast

numbers of them came to look upon their long-dreaded enemy that had been slain at such cost. Its body was larger than that of the largest bear they had ever seen, and the breadth of its outstretched wings was as great as the height of three men. Its talons were as long as arrows, and its monstrous beak was lined with sharp teeth. There was much rejoicing over the great mosquito's death, and for several days feasting and dancing were held in honor of the bravery of those who had rid the country of such a terrible scourge. Soon, however, swarms of the poisonous little flies that have been the pests of all nations since that time, infested the woods, and the Indians discovered that they came from the body of the dead bird. Too late they realized that the body of the great mosquito should have been burned when it was first slain, for fire is ever the destroyer of evil spirits.

THE STORY OF ONIATA

A MAIDEN more beautiful than had ever before been seen came into the house of a great chief and grew to womanhood by his fireside. All the tribes within a distance of many long journeys paid her homage, for, though her eyes were as dark as the depths of the pool in the rocks, her skin was as fair as that of the palefaces who came thousands of years afterwards, and her hair was borrowed from the rays of the sun.

The great chief was honored above all his people on account of his beautiful daughter, for she could work charms that drove away the evil spirits of sickness, and when her father went to battle or followed the chase he was ever successful, for he carried with him the maiden's smiles to daze and blind his enemies, or to aid in his search for the hidden trail. Her songs were so full of music that when she sang the wild birds were silent in the branches of the trees, and listened that they might catch the tones of her voice. When she laughed the waters in the mountain streams sought the deep pools and

for very shame stopped their noisy clamor. Her feet were so small and delicate that only the skins of fawns were used to make her moccasins. The snow that lay over the earth in winter was no whiter than her skin, and her cheeks were like the first coming of the sun on the mornings when the corn is ripe. Never before had the Indians seen one so beautiful, and the wise men whispered that she had been sent by the Great Spirit from the Happy Hunting-Grounds to teach the Indians what beauties awaited them when they had journeyed to their long home.

Over all the land spread the story of this wondrous maiden, like the tidings of a bountiful harvest or the boastings of a successful chase. From the villages far away came the young chiefs and warriors, and when they had looked upon this lily of the forest and heard the music of her voice they no longer had hearts for the hunt, but spent their days in trying to win approving glances from the dark eyes of Oniata, the daughter of Tiogaughwa. They brought for her the most gorgeous and elaborate head-dresses of wampum, in which were woven the quills and feathers of the birds their cunning had been able to ensnare. They performed the most wonderful feats of agility and endurance, often vie-

ing with each other until even their rugged natures could not withstand the terrible self-imposed ordeals, and some sank exhausted or dying, while the more fortunate ones shouted cries of triumph and victory, loudly boasting of their own powers and strength.

Tiogaughwa, the father of Oniata, was filled with pride at the attention shown his daughter. His lodge was rich with presents of rare furs and strings of wampum that had been laid at her feet; the medicine of the wisest chiefs was freely placed at his disposal; he could have allied his tribe with the most powerful—for the greatest chiefs and the most renowned warriors sought to wed the beautiful Oniata.

But there came a change to these happy days of the old chief, Tiogaughwa. One day the chiefs and warriors were surprised to see the council-place filled with the women and maidens from all the country around. They deserted their lodges, left the fires to the care of the old men and children, and, without heeding the dark looks of their husbands, sons or brothers, took the places usually occupied by the wise men of the nation. When all were assembled, the wives of five of the principal chiefs were sent to ask Tiogaughwa and the chiefs and wise men to come to the council-fires.

When the chiefs and wise men were seated a silence fell on the assemblage. At last it was broken by the first faint notes of the mourning song of an Indian maiden for a lover who had been slain in battle. Others joined the chant and the weird chorus was caught up by the hundreds of women assembled, and filled the forests with notes of sorrow. The song ceased, but its last note had scarcely died away before another took its place. The Indian wives commenced chanting the sorrowful story it was the custom of a deserted wife to sing in her lonely lodge when her husband had left her to join another more congenial to his fancy. When their complaint had ended, the women sat a long time with bowed heads. Finally the wife of one of the chiefs—a tall, lithe, beautiful young princess—stepped before the chiefs and sachems and said:

"We have come to the council-fires, oh! my brothers, that we might together tell the Great Spirit that the lovers of the Indian maidens are dead, and to ask him to meet them at the borders of the Happy Hunting-Grounds. We have come, too, oh! my brothers, to tell the Great Spirit that the bad spirits have caught the ears of our husbands and have told them tales that have led them from our lodges, and their wives and papooses are sick

with hunger. No longer is the smile of the dark maiden sought by the young braves. She plaits her hair with flowers and wampum and sits in the forests to await the coming of her mate; but the young braves come no more to woo her, nor can they be found on the track of the bear or the panther. They loll with the dogs in the shadow of Oniata's wigwam and glare like the hard-wounded boar at the dark maidens who approach them. They are dead, and the hearts of the Indian maidens are full of sorrow.

"The wives cover their heads with wolf skins and tell the Great Spirit that their husbands have deserted them. Day after day they have kept the lodge fires burning, but the hunters come not to sit in the light and tell the stories of the chase. The feeble old men and boys have tried to follow the hunt that they might provide the women with food. The papooses have sickened and died, and the death-song has been raised many times. But the warriors come not. They have forgotten their homes, as they lie in their camps near the lodge of the white lily, where they are held in sleep by the smiles of the Oniata.

"Have the dark maidens lost their beauty, that their glances can never again bring life to the hearts

of the young braves? Have the dark wives refused to do the bidding of their husbands that they should be deserted like sick and wounded dogs fallen in the chase?

"My brothers, Waunopeta, the wife of Torwauquanda, has spoken, and her sisters have told her to say that if they no longer please the hearts of the red men they ask to be sent on the long journey to the Happy Hunting-Grounds."

As Waunopeta ceased speaking and took her place among the crouching forms of the women, there was a movement on the outer edge of the circle, and in an instant Oniata stood in the centre of the council-place. There was an exclamation of interest as this vision of wonderful beauty burst upon them. Many had never seen her, and they were almost blinded by a loveliness that was previous to that time unknown to the race. She was clothed in the richest of skins, and her hair fell like a cloud of sun-kissed mist over her beautiful shoulders. Her cheeks burned with tints that betrayed her common ancestry with her dark sisters whom she had unwittingly troubled.

"Oniata is here!" she cried, as she looked around at the dark faces before her, with eyes like those of the hunted fawn. "Oniata is here to say that she

has not asked for the smiles of the young braves. They came around her wigwam and drove away the dream-god with their cries and love songs; but she covered her ears with the skins of the beaver and would not listen to them. When Oniata went forth to the forest they appeared before her like the thunder clouds, and she went back to her wigwam and could not look at her father, the sun. The warriors came to the lodge of the white lily and with shouts and cries told the Oniata that their wives and children should be the white lily's slaves if she would look out of her lodge upon them. But the Oniata called the women of her wigwam about her and they laughed in the faces of the warriors. Oniata loves her sisters, but they are angry at the white lily and ask that she be sent away to the long home where she shall be seen no more by the braves and warriors. She will go from the home of the red men and her dark sisters—far away beyond the mountains and the great lakes—and the braves will return to life for the dark maidens and seek them with love songs in the forests, while the warriors will once more go to their wigwams where their wives and papooses await them. But her people will remember the Oniata, for she will kiss the flowers in the forests as she goes.

"My sisters, the Oniata, daughter of the sun and the great chief Tiogaughwa, has spoken."

She waved her hand, and the circle of listening men and women parted that she might walk through. The chief, Torwauquanda, started forward to follow her, but the dark princess, Waunopeta, stood in his pathway, and he knew by the looks of the menacing faces about him that the white lily would go alone.

Tiogaughwa rose as his daughter moved rapidly away, and said: "Oniata has spoken well. She will go in peace. The scalp-lock of the warrior that follows her will hang in Tiogaughwa's wigwam."

The old chief turned and folded his arms over his breast, watching with pathetic love the fast disappearing form of his daughter.

Out into the forest went the Oniata—the loved of the sunshine, the dream of the Indian—and the solemn council sat in silence as the beautiful vision faded forever from their view.

Far away from her people she wandered, never stopping to look back toward the home she had loved. The sun warmed her pathway for many days, and at night the sister of the sun smiled through the branches of the trees and lighted the

forest so the Oniata would not miss her lodge-fire as she slept. When she rested beside the clear streams she caught to her bosom the blossoms that covered the banks and breathed into their faces the love she had borne for her dark sisters and her home. The fragrance of her love filled their hearts and from that time they have freely given their love to others, as Oniata bade them when she pressed them to her lips and kissed them in her loneliness. When the clouds came and the rain fell, Oniata was sheltered by the thick branches of the trees, and when the rain had ceased she pulled the branches down, and pressing her cheeks against them, thanked them for their kindness. The trees learned gentleness from the maiden, and their blossoms have ever since spread their grateful perfume on the air.

Many moons passed. The dark maidens were again wooed by the young braves, and the wives of the warriors were happy in the return of their husbands. The winter came and cast its white cloud over the land, and the frosts locked the rivers in prison houses of ice. But Oniata came not to the home of her people.

The great Tiogaughwa mourned his daughter in his lonely wigwam, and his heart sang her death-

song as he sat before the fireplace, in which no fire was lighted, and bowed his head in mournful silence.

The warm winds came again, and the young men and maidens were once more filling the forests with their love-songs, while with laughter they chanted the praises of their mates. Tiogaughwa saw all this, but his heart was heavy and he had no words for the council-fire, no strength for the chase. He left his people and walked away in the path that had been taken by Oniata. Wherever he went the wild flowers raised their heads and told him they had been kissed by Oniata, and the great Tiogaughwa fell down beside them and caught the fragrance of her breath. When the dew and the rain were upon them he could see once more the beauty of her eyes, and the gentle songs of the soft winds through the trees that had sheltered Oniata and had felt the loving touch of her caresses, told the great Tiogaughwa that the light of his wigwam awaited his coming in the long home.

THE MIRROR IN THE WATER

WHEN the Great Spirit made the earth and put the water in the deep valleys to form lakes, and built the springs in the mountains to form streams and rivers, he did not give to the water the power to show within its surface his children's faces or to make the trees appear to grow with their branches pointing deep into the ground. For many thousands of summers the younger sister of the sun was never seen far down in the bosom of the lake at night, and many times young men grew old and died before the sun could see himself in the river, the warriors could put on their war-paint by the deep pool in the woods, or the maidens plait their braids with their smiling faces reflected from the laughing stream that flowed beside the wigwams.

The red men lived together peacefully and happily then beside a great river. One day the young hunters came home in haste from the chase and reported the coming of many strange people from beyond the river. They said the strange men car-

ried bows twice the height of the tallest chief known in the peaceful tribes, or held in their hands branches of trees to which were attached sharpened stones of great size. The chiefs and wise men assembled, and scouts and runners were sent forth to see if the young hunters had not been deceived by the evil spirits of the woods. But the young hunters had not looked with double eyes, and the strange warriors were as many as the pebbles on the bank of the river. The hearts of the red men were filled with fear, for they knew not then how to fight against such numbers, and the sachems arose from the council-fire and went forth to the cave in the rocks where the Great Spirit talked with them. The Great Spirit told his children that he would care for them and protect them from the strange warriors, and he told the people to fear not, but to obey the three fathers and fire-keepers of the nation. When the night came the fathers told the men and women to build many fires on the shore of the river, and when the fires were built the red men were filled with fear to see burning, deep down in the water, a fire for each fire on the shore.

The strange warriors also saw these fires in the water, and they were frightened and dared not cross

the river in the night to destroy them. But with the morning the strange warriors once more took courage and plunged into the river to swim to the shore where the children of the Great Spirit dwelt. Then the Great Spirit loosed the spirits of the storm and they rushed down the mountain and out upon the river, and when he called them back the strange warriors were not to be seen. Then the red men went forth in their canoes and the water of the river was clear and white. They looked down and saw first their own faces and above them the smiling face of the Great Spirit; and then, down deep in the water, they saw the bodies of the strange men who had come to destroy them.

The water never changed again, for the Great Spirit saw it gave his children pleasure, and he loved his children then.

THE BUZZARD'S COVERING

IN the beginning, the birds were created naked, but because of their ill-shaped bodies and long legs they were ashamed and remained in hiding. At that time their throats had not been so arranged that they could sing. A long time afterwards they learned their music from the falling rain and the whistling wind. But they could talk, and with loud voices they bewailed their fate. Finally, with one accord, they began to cry and shout as loud as they could, asking that they be provided with coverings. The Great Spirit thereupon sent them word that their dresses were all ready, but that he did not have time to come and see that they were properly fitted. If they were in need of their raiment they must either go or send to a particular place a long way off, where they would find the coverings.

A vote for a messenger was taken and the turkey buzzard was chosen because he was so strong and hardy. He started proudly on his mission, but the

distance was so great that he became nearly famished before reaching his destination, and, contrary to his habits in those days, he was compelled to eat carrion to sustain life. At last he came to the appointed place and found the coverings ready. As a reward for making the journey, the buzzard had been given first choice of the garments. He at once selected the most beautiful of the lot, but upon trying it discovered that he could not fly well with so many long feathers to manage, and so he laid the dress aside and tried others. One he feared would soil too easily; another was not warm enough to satisfy his taste; a third was too light-colored and would render him too conspicuous; a fourth was composed of too many pieces and would require too much of his time to care for it. So he went from one to another, finding some fault with each, until there was but one suit left—the plainest of all. As the buzzard had been expressly forbidden to try on any of the coverings more than once, he had but one choice left, and must either accept the plain, homely, coarse suit he has since worn or go naked.

Often when the birds hold councils in the woods they talk quite sharply to the buzzard for his uncleanly habits. He never fails to retort that his

ancestor acquired them while doing a great service for others, and he closes the discussion by reminding them that they have no special reason to be vain, as he had choice of all the bird coverings and took the one that pleased him best.

ORIGIN OF THE VIOLET

THERE was a brave Indian many moons before the white man came to the land of his fathers who was the pride of all the men of the east. Though he was young, yet among his people his word was law and his counsels were listened to by the older chiefs with much attention. Three times had he done his people service they could never forget. Once, the great heron, that had preyed upon the children of the tribe for a long time, had fallen pierced to the heart by the arrow from his bow. He had gone alone and unarmed many days' journey without food to the mountain where dwelt the witches, and brought from the medicine caves the roots that cured his people of the plague. The third great service was when he had led a band of warriors against their enemies over the mountains and returned victorious. But on this journey the young warrior had seen a maiden whom he loved, and he wanted her for his wigwam. The maiden dwelt among the tribe that had felt the weight of the young chief's blow, and the warfare between them

prevented his buying her with the quills of the wampum bird, as he could have done had she been one of his own people. And yet, the young chief thought, unless he could light his wigwam with the brightness of the maiden's eyes, his heart would no longer be brave and he could not lead his young men to battle. For many moons he was in hiding in the woods near the village of his foes, patiently watching for the maiden whose eyes had softened his heart. He sang the praises of his loved one so often to the birds as he crouched near their nests in the branches of the trees that they took up his song and bore it with them in their flight over the plains and valleys. So often did the bear, the fox and the beaver hear the praise of the maiden murmured by the young chief in his sleep that they thought the forests had brought forth a new flower of more radiant beauty than any they had seen.

At last the young chief's vigils and waiting were rewarded, for one day the maiden wandered into the forest. With the calls of the song birds and by singing her praises he lured her far from her home, and then he seized and bore her away toward the hunting-grounds and village of his people. The maiden had been watched by the jealous eyes of a young brave who was her suitor, but he was cow-

ardly, and when he saw her borne swiftly away on the shoulders of the dreaded chief, he dared not follow, but ran swiftly back to the village to give the alarm. The braves placed him in the hands of the women because he was a coward, and started quickly in pursuit of the girl and her captor. All night they followed them over the rugged mountains and through the dark forests. In the morning they overtook them and were filled with rage when they saw that the maiden was a willing captive, for she had given her heart to the strong young chief, knowing that he was brave and loved her. To signify her willingness to go with him she had plaited the braids of her hair about his neck, as was the customary way among them to indicate a marriage. Enraged at their foe for his daring and at the girl for deserting her people, the pursuing warriors killed them both on the spot and left their bodies where they fell—the great braids of the maiden's hair encircling her lover's neck.

From this spot sprang the violets; and the winds and birds carried the seeds of the little flowers over all the world, into all countries where men dare and maidens love, so that the Indians of all ages might know that the Great Spirit would always raise a monument to true love and bravery.

THE TURTLE CLAN

HEN the Great Spirit created the turtles he gave them a vast lake in and about which they could reside, and where they would never be molested by either animals or people. But the turtles were not satisfied with the shape of the lake, and found fault with the hard, gravelly bottom and clear water. So they set to work to bring all the mud they could find on the plains surrounding it, and spread the loads of loose soil over the bottom of the lake where they were accustomed to lie. So many of them carried on the work that the lake was finally filled with the mud, and became so shallow that during one particularly hot summer it was entirely dry. Then the turtles held council and decided that the only way left to them was to set out to find a place where there was good water. One, a particularly wise and intelligent old fellow, urged his brethren to decide first upon some fixed course to follow and then by all means to remain together. Said he: "If we do this we will not only know exactly where we are going, but we can help each other.

There are a great many of us, and if any foe attacks us we can together repel the attack, for with our stone backs and sharp jaws we are well equipped for battle. Let me tell you, my brothers, that the world is full of dangers, and unless we are banded together and stand by each other, we will be scattered and lose our standing as a nation."

To this wise counsel the turtles apparently agreed, but each one wanted the honor of presenting the plan that was to be followed, and each also wanted the distinction of being chosen to lead his fellows. The wise old turtle made every effort at conciliation and proposed several plans, any one of which if accepted would have made the turtles a great and powerful nation, but they could come to no agreement. At last the commotion became so great that the voice of the wise turtle was drowned in the clamor, and he was powerless to counsel his fellows any further. Finally each turtle started off by himself, bound to follow his own inclinations, as the turtles have done ever since. At this foolish course the wise turtle became very angry. "Fools!" he cried, "I am ashamed to be counted as one of the turtle race, and although in memory of the forefathers whom I honor, I will always bear on my breast the form of a turtle, henceforth I will not be a turtle."

With a tremendous effort he threw the shell from his back and leaped forth, a fully armed and painted warrior. The turtles were terribly frightened and made off as fast as they could. From that day they have been wanderers.

The wise turtle became the progenitor of the turtle clan. He taught his children to deliberate carefully upon all matters of importance; to give attention and careful consideration to the counsels of their elders; and to work in unity in whatever they undertook.

THE HEALING WATERS

NEKUMONTA, the strongest and bravest chief of the Mohawks, wandered alone in silence through the primeval forest. The giant pines looked down upon him with frowns; the moss, dark and sodden on the maples with rain, gave only a gloomy greeting; the low beeches brushed against his anxious face, and as he passed beneath them chilling showers fell from their icy branches. Across his path the snarling panther crept in sullen anger; the frightened rabbit sped away to its nest under the prostrate log; his brother the bear turned aside and looked with sadness upon the troubled face of Nekumonta as he hurried forward in the fast gathering darkness. In all the forest no kindly sight came to comfort the strong and brave chief of the Mohawks, whose footsteps were heavy with fatigue and whose heart was burdened with sorrow.

Through the cheerless, awful moons of snows and frosts the plague had raged in the village of the Mohawks. Many days and nights had the death-song been chanted for men, and women, and chil-

dren. Few were untouched by the terrible sickness, and the medicine men of the tribe had long since seen the last of hoarded stores of herbs which they used to put to flight the bad spirits. The strong and brave Nekumonta and the light of his wigwam, Shanewis, had watched the fires of life go out many times. They knew that the Happy Hunting-Grounds rang with the shouts and laughter of their brothers and sisters; they sent them messages by the echoing spirits and told them to watch for their coming; but they were saddened because their brothers and sisters had gone on the long journey. The home of the Mohawks was full of pleasure when the hunters and the women, the young men, the maidens and the children worked together in the fields of growing corn, or gathered at night around the lodge-fire and listened to the legends told by the aged.

At last the soft winds came, and their mellow songs drove the cold and darkness from the valley. With their first notes came hope—hope that when the awful winter had gone to his home in the north the plague would also take its flight from the village.

Then Nekumonta's heart died, for Shanewis, the light of his wigwam, was stricken, and from her

couch of furs smiled sadly as she whispered: "Shanewis must fight with the bad spirits. She would not leave Nekumonta, the strong and brave one of the Mohawks, but her brothers and sisters call to her from their long home."

For a moment Nekumonta stood erect, while upon his face came the shadows of despair. As the weary hunter loses control of his canoe and sees below him the rapids that in terrible fury play with their victim ere they hurl it over the precipice of death; or, as the warrior who with rising hopes has long withstood his foes, would see their reinforcements come when his arm has lost its power, so upon Nekumonta came the realization of the struggle yet to come. But his brave heart failed not, and bending over the shivering form of his loved Shanewis, he said:

"Shanewis shall live. Let her fight the bad spirits, and tell her brothers and sisters who call to her that she cannot go to her long home for many moons. Nekumonta has said it. He will find the healing vines of the Great Spirit, and Shanewis shall live."

The robe that covered the entrance of the lodge was pushed aside, and the chief of the Mohawks hurried away into the forest.

In many places the snows were not melted. The roots were locked in their beds by the frost, and the medicine herbs had not yet awakened from their sleep. Running through the open fields, looking anxiously among the rocks, crawling under the fallen trees, hurrying with despair over the barren hills, swimming the swollen streams and rivers, darting along the shores of the half-frozen lakes, penetrating the gloom of the forbidding forests, stopping neither for rest nor for food, Nekumonta searched, repeating again and again, until the woods and fields were burdened with the words: "Shanewis shall live! Nekumonta will find the healing vines of the Great Spirit, and Shanewis shall live!"

Three suns had passed since he left his lodge, and still his weary quest was in vain. Wherever he looked only dead leaves and withered vines were to be found. When darkness came and he could no longer see, the anxious searcher had, on his hands and knees, crept onward all the night, hoping that his keen scent would discover what his sight had failed to disclose during the day. At the decline of the third sun, stumbling forward in the gathering darkness, Nekumonta fell exhausted to the earth and the Great Spirit touched his eyes with sleep.

Then the dream-god came and Nekumonta saw Shanewis lying sleepless on her couch of furs and heard her calling his name gently and with tenderness. He saw that the plague ran through her veins like the fires that swept the forest when the rustling leaves lay thick upon the ground. Then he saw her creep to the door of the lodge and push aside the robe that shut out the cold winds. Long and earnestly she looked into the darkness, calling him to hasten to her side. He reached forward to clasp her in his arms, and the vision faded. Now he was in his canoe, which the taunting spirits of the plague were pushing down the river, and they laughed and shouted in derision as he tried to catch the medicine plants that grew in great abundance along the shores. Again, he was with his loved Shanewis in the cornfields, filling the great baskets with roasting ears to be taken to the fires where danced and sang the red men in honor of the ripening harvest. Then the voices of the singers changed into low and murmuring sounds, which finally grew more distinct until Nekumonta heard the words:

"Strong and brave chief of the Mohawks, we are the healing waters of the Great Spirit. Take us from our prison and thy loved Shanewis shall live."

Starting from his slumbers like an arrow from the bow, Nekumonta cast off the dream-god and stood in the first light of the smiling face of the Great Spirit as he came from his wigwam to open the new day. Swiftly his glance darted from side to side, searching in vain every tree and bush, every rock and stone for evidence of the presence of some one who could have uttered the words that had come so distinctly that they must be more than the echo of a dream. The practiced eye and ear of the hunter could discover nothing unusual in the forest, though every faculty was awake, every nerve strung to its greatest tension. With sadness and loss of hope his attitude relaxed, and with heavy footsteps he turned toward the hills.

And yet he could not go away. Something sent him back to the little opening in the forest, and when he reached the spot where he had fallen in the darkness the night before he bent suddenly and placed his ear to the ground.

What caused Nekumonta to leap to his feet with a cry of triumph that rang over the hills like the shout of many warriors? What changed in an instant the hopeless, dejected being who bent to the earth, to a creature alert, with his hardened sinews standing out upon his body in eagerness to expend

its stifled strength? Faintly, yet distinctly, he had again heard the murmuring voices:

"Strong and brave chief of the Mohawks, here are the healing waters of the Great Spirit. Take us from our prison and thy loved Shanewis shall live."

With a bound like that of the panther Nekumonta sprang to the hillside, and from the trunk of a hardy ash that had been felled by the lightning's bolt he tore the toughened branches, bearing them in triumph to the valley. Back he ran like the wind and from the yielding soil dug armfuls of sharp-edged stones, which he bore with hurrying steps to the place where a promise had been opened to him greater than the one of the Happy Hunting-Grounds. Not a moment did he pause, but the cry of "Shanewis! Shanewis! Shanewis!" was almost constantly on his lips.

The smiling face of the Great Spirit rose higher in the path it followed for the day, and looked down over the hill tops at the toiling Nekumonta. Forcing the toughened limbs of the ash tree deep into the ground he wrested from their beds the huge bowlders that impeded his progress and formed the prison of the healing waters. With the sharp-edged stones he cut the hard earth, and with torn and bleeding hands he hurled the rough soil

from the excavation. Like a very god incarnate the dauntless spirit toiled—never resting, never tiring, never stopping except at long intervals, when he bent his ear to the earth. Each time he heard the voices, swelling louder and louder, and repeating over and over again the promise that lent him an energy that could have torn the earth asunder had it refused to yield its life-giving treasure for the light of his wigwam.

When the smiling face of the Great Spirit had reached the middle of its trail and turned once more to the door of his great lodge, the tireless Nekumonta leaped to the edge of the excavation with renewed shouts of joy and triumph, and the woods resounded with the laughter and songs proclaiming that the imprisoning barrier had been broken open. The sparkling, healing waters heard the welcome voices in the woods, and rising from their dark prison filled all the place the toiler had torn open in the earth, and then ran merrily down the valley in the sunlight.

Nekumonta bathed his bruised hands and burning face in the grateful waters and then hurried away in the forest. On and on he ran, with a step so light that the dead leaves scarcely felt its touch, and with a strength that laughed the wind to scorn.

His path was straight through the forest to the clay banks where his people came in the moon of the falling leaves and made the vessels in which they cooked their corn and venison. Here his energy was born anew, and with a skill that was marvelous in its dexterity he fashioned a jar to contain the healing waters. From its hiding place he brought the fire stone, and the store of branches collected by the old men and children at the last moon of falling leaves furnished him a supply of fuel. When the smiling face of the Great Spirit entered the door of his wigwam in the west Nekumonta took from the dying embers the perfected result of his handiwork.

* * * * * *

The warm winds, laden with hope and comfort, stole gently through the forest and sang with gladness of the death of winter. Life came once more to the swaying branches of the trees, and the first notes of the robins and blue birds thrilled the listening air with a sweetness for which it had long hungered. The second day of spring had dawned on the home of the Mohawks—the village where the gaunt figure of the awful plague had reveled in a dance of death throughout the weary moons of winter.

Suddenly a triumphant shout filled the air. The hearts of weary watchers stood still with suspense, fearing that the evil witches had once more returned to taunt them of their helplessness. The plague-stricken woke from their fitful sleep and called piteously to the Manito. Once more the shout arose—louder, clearer, more triumphant—a pealing cry of victory from the strong and brave Nekumonta.

Bearing aloft in his arms the vessel containing the healing waters, Nekumonta burst from the deeper gray of the forest like a flood of sunshine and ran with steps as light as the warm winds themselves to the darkened lodge of his loved Shanewis. With the soft mosses he had caught from the banks of the streams he soothed her fevered form, and with draughts of the grateful healing waters she was lured to returning health.

Thus the loved Shanewis came back from the very borderland of the Happy Hunting-Grounds to her home with the Mohawks.

THE SACRIFICE OF ALIQUIPISO

TROUBLE came to a village of the Oneidas. From the north a band of red men who had listened to the bad spirits came upon the peaceful village, and, with murder and plunder in their hearts, spread destruction around them like the wild chase of the forest fires. The homes of the Oneidas were deserted and made desolate, and the women and children were hurried away to the rocks and hills for refuge and were guarded by the warriors. For many days and nights the attacking party vainly tried to find the trail of the people they had driven from their homes. The Great Spirit had passed his hands over the forest and the trail of the Oneidas was not discovered by the savage Mingoes.

But the Oneidas were almost without food, and over the tops of the trees and along the face of the almost inaccessible cliff came hunger and death to their hiding place. The warriors and sachems sat long at the council, but their eyes were heavy and they could find no path that would lead them from their trouble. To try to escape from their refuge

would expose them to capture and slavery at the hands of their foes. To remain where they were meant starvation and death.

Then the little maiden, Aliquipiso, came to the warriors and sachems and told how the good spirits had come to her sleeping under the trees, and had shown her where from the side of the high bluff on which her people were hiding huge rocks could be rolled into the valley below in such a manner as to strike down the very trees there. The good spirits also told her to lead the foes of the Oneidas to the spot and bade her go upon the mission that she might deliver her people from their danger. The warriors and sachems listened to the unfolding of the plan with wonder, and when Aliquipiso had finished, the chief brought forth rich strings of white wampum and put them about her neck, saying that she was the princess of all the nation and beloved of the Great Spirit. When the night came the little maiden left her people quietly and without faltering, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the morning watchful scouts of the Mingoes found a little girl wandering as if lost in the forest. They hurried away with her to the dismantled village where she had been so happy with her fellows and at once commenced to torture her, hoping to

extort the secret of the hiding place of her people. With a fortitude that won the admiration of her captors, Aliquipiso resisted the torture for a long time, but finally told the cruel tormentors that when the darkness came she would lead them to the hiding place of the Oneidas.

Night came again, and the exultant Mingoes started on the trail they believed would lead them to the camp of the Oneidas. Aliquipiso led the way, but she was in the grasp of strong warriors who were ready with poised weapons to take her life at the first evidence of a betrayal. Through many paths and windings, slowly and craftily, crept the Mingoes until they were near the overhanging precipice of granite. Then Aliquipiso signaled to the warriors to come close around her, as though she were about to roll back the huge mountain wall and disclose to them those whom they pursued. When they had crowded to her side she suddenly lifted her voice in a piercing cry of warning—a signal of death. She knew that above them the sleepless sentries of the starving Oneidas were holding great bowlders poised upon the brink of the precipice.

Her captors had scarcely time to strike her lifeless to the ground before the rocks rushed with terrible

force down the side of the mountain, catching and crushing the entrapped warriors like worms under the foot of a mighty giant.

Aliquipiso, brave maiden of the Oneidas, was mourned by her people many suns. The Great Spirit changed her hair into woodbine, which the red men called "running hairs," and sent it over the earth as a protector to old trees. From her body sprang the honeysuckle, which was known to the Indians as "the blood of brave women."

WHY THE ANIMALS DO NOT TALK

T was long ago, so long that the books of the white men cannot tell the time, that all the animals in the forest could talk with the red men. There was a time when the animals came to the great council-fires and lent to the Indians the knowledge they possessed of the woods and streams. The wise beaver taught the Indian women and children where to snare the pike and salmon, and how to build houses that would keep out the rain and frosts. The bear and the wolf led the braves out on the plains and through the forests and imparted to them their skill in following the trail. The dog, by patient example, gave to the red men the tact and power to watch for many suns without weariness. From the raccoon the red men learned to mount the trunks of the largest trees. The horse consorted with the Indians on the plains and showed them the secret of swift running. The panther taught them how to conceal themselves in the thicket, on the branches of an overhanging tree or behind the ledge of rocks, and to rush forth

upon their enemies like the sudden burst of the whirlwind.

Thus from every beast of the forest the red men took lessons in the craft of the woods and plains, and when they had finished all the other lessons, the fox led them far away into the forest and taught them the cunning necessary to make use of each. In this way they lived while the summer and the winter came many times, and they were happy.

But there came a time when the animals saw that the red man was their master. He had the wisdom of the beaver, the keen scent of the bear and the wolf, the patience and fidelity of the dog, the agility of the raccoon, the speed and endurance of the horse, the spring of the panther and the cunning of the fox.

Often the beaver would be surprised to find that the Indian boys and women had not been content with fishing in the places he had pointed out to them, but had wandered away to streams which he had hoped to keep for himself. Furthermore, they were looking with envious eyes upon his warm coat of fur, and he feared that they might want it for a covering. Their houses were built with even more skill than his own, and as they had learned to fashion boats out of the trees he had felled for them

and had made for their use paddles shaped like his tail, they could dart across the lake or along the river faster than he could ever hope to. And the beaver was saddened because he had taught the Indians wisdom.

The bear and the wolf, wandering in the woods, often saw the Indians following the trail far into the forest. At the same time the Indians so cunningly disguised their own trail that the wolf howled with anger when he tried to follow the red men, and the bear grew surly and retired to his den in the rocks. With the keen scent the bear had trained, the Indians sought out the trees where the bees stored their honey, and thus he was robbed of much of the food he loved best. The wolf heard a young brave promise a maiden that if she would live in his wigwam she should rest on a couch made of wolf skins and be covered with the warm fur of the bear. So the wolf and the bear took their little ones into dark caves and kept away from the homes of the red men.

The dog, too, found that he no longer held first honors for faithfulness at the watch. But he was not angered at the knowledge that his brother could rival him, but lay with him many nights on guard in the wilderness, vying with him in vigilance.

When their long vigils were ended the dog and the Indian would play together and make merry with each other over the result of their friendly contest.

The panther was jealous and raged through the forests with fury. Sometimes, to his surprise and wrath, when he had taken every precaution to conceal himself from his brother, the red man, the branches of the young trees would part as silently as if swayed by the breath of summer, and between them would appear his red brother, laughing at him for hiding himself so ill.

When the raccoon reached the highest point to which he dared climb, the Indian boys would follow him with shouts of laughter, and go still further toward the ends of the swaying and bending branches, hanging from them in such a dangerous and reckless manner that it made the old raccoon's head turn dizzy, and he went away to the hills by himself.

The Indians learned their lessons so thoroughly of the horse and practiced them with so much patience that finally that animal found he could no longer play when they had races on the plains. But he enjoyed the contests with his red brothers, and when they returned to the village he would follow

and the Indian maidens would mount his back and ride proudly to the council-fire.

The fox was greatly chagrined to find that his cunning and tricks were matched on the part of his red brothers with others equally shrewd. No matter how carefully he concealed his trail—though he walked in the beds of the streams or circled the mountains till he had almost lost his own pathway—the Indians would track him through all his windings. When he tried to lead them astray by subtle tales they laughed at his deceptions and put him to shame before his friends and neighbors.

So it came to pass that the Indians possessed the knowledge of all the animals. They could follow the trail with the scent of the bear or the wolf; build more wisely than the beaver; climb more daringly than the raccoon; watch more faithfully than the dog; crouch more closely and spring more surely than the panther; race the plains as swiftly as the horse, and outwit the cunning of the fox.

Then the animals held a council, but the fire was not lighted in its accustomed place and the red men were in heavy slumbers while their brothers of the forest talked.

The jealous wolf opened the discussion and declared that when he had carefully looked on all

sides of the existing state of affairs he saw but one course for the animals to pursue. They ought to rush in upon the villages and kill all the Indians and their women and papooses.

The bear was more noble, and said that he thought this proposition was unfair. He declared, however, that the animals could not stand still any longer and look without fear upon the dangers which confronted them. It was their duty to challenge the Indians to an open war.

The beaver argued that the better way would be to wait till the chilling blasts should come and then in the night tear away the houses the Indians had built to protect themselves and their little ones from the cold. The storms of winter, the beaver said, would very soon put these smart fellows in a condition that would make them anxious enough to come to some terms advantageous to the animals.

The horse said it would not be right to cause the Indians pain or death. The Indians were not bad neighbors, though perhaps a trifle too apt and smart for the rest of them. For a great many years, said the horse, his ancestors and the red men had been on the best of terms—not so much as a ripple of trouble having disturbed their relations. He could not for a moment think of entering into any plan

whereby he would be called upon to help take his brother's life or cause him pain. He had heard that away over beyond the great mountains there was a pleasant country—not as pleasant and fertile as the one in which they now lived, but a fairly good place to live in. He would therefore propose that the animals invite the Indians to go there on a great harvest expedition, and when once the red men were safely over the mountains the animals could steal away in the night and return to their loved homes.

The panther scoffed at the horse for advancing what he was pleased to call a silly and senseless plan. The beaver, too, the panther said, was much too leniently inclined. The Indians were to be feared, and if the animals were to retain any of their freedom and independence they must follow the advice of the wolf. Only total extermination of the Indian race could be depended upon to warrant them from further molestation from the red men. What good would it do, forsooth, to lure the red men over the mountains and then run away from them? Did the horse think the Indians sick nurselings or women to lie down on the big plains over the mountains and make no effort to return to their loved streams, lakes and forests? Why, the Indians would come back as quickly as could the

horse himself, and then the very ground would be made red with the blood of those who had decoyed them away from homes that had for generations been held in such high reverence by the Indians. He advocated an immediate advance upon the villages and would give quarter to none.

All eyes were turned toward the raccoon as he rose to speak, for his was a very old family and had long been held in high respect by all the inhabitants of the forest. He said he could not exactly side with the panther, for the Indians had never done him any great harm. He was convinced, however, that the country ought to be rid of them, for they were becoming altogether too well skilled in the craft of the woods. Too much power in the hands of one individual, said the raccoon, was apt to make it unpleasant for those with whom he lived. He favored the plan advanced by the beaver. They could lay their plans carefully, and in this manner bring about a treaty that would keep the Indians within proper bounds.

The fox felt sure that the better plan would be for the animals to put themselves under his training. He would teach them how to cheat and steal while pretending friendship. They could then easily strip the red men's fields of the corn that had

been planted for the winter. They could take from their moorings on the river banks the boats and fishing nets of bark and float them far away down the stream where they would be lost in the rapids. In this manner they could soon have the Indians at their mercy and bring about a treaty on the plan proposed by the beaver and seconded by the raccoon. The plan, he continued, offered no danger to them, as did the contests proposed by the panther and the wolf; and he thought that mature deliberation would convince all that it was the best one to adopt.

The dog said that not until the present time had he ever realized what it was to be a beast. He felt ashamed to think he had been weak enough to be prevailed upon to attend a council to which their red brothers were not bidden. It was contrary to the custom that had existed since the Great Spirit first sent them to this fair and beautiful country. He expected that they would all be punished for such treachery, and indeed they ought to be. The Indians had as yet treated them only with kindness and respect. Many times in winter, when the snows lay so deep on the ground that no food could be found the Indians had opened their homes to the animals who had not made suitable provision for

food, and had fed them and kept them from perishing with hunger. There had never been a time, said the dog, as he looked around the circle of listeners and waited for a denial of his assertion, when any Indian had refused shelter, food or aid to a needy, sick or suffering animal. To be sure the Indians had acquired all the knowledge that the animals possessed, but their doing this had in no manner impoverished the animals. As they had lost nothing by this, he saw no reason why they should be jealous and fault-finding about it. Would it not be far wiser for the animals to profit by the example set by the Indians and teach each other the various traits and characteristics each possessed than to be consumed by jealousy and revenge, and in the heat of passion break a peace that had existed for so many years? He could not, and would not be a party to any of the plans proposed, and if the other animals persisted in following out any of those cruel and treacherous schemes he should consider it his duty to leave the council and go to the village to warn his sleeping brothers of their danger. More than that, he would fight on the side of the red men if it became necessary, and help them defend their lives and homes from the attack of any force that might be brought against them.

When the dog had ceased speaking the wolf and the panther were in a terrible rage. They accused the dog of cowardice, bad faith, bribe-taking, desertion and treachery. They said he had been made foolish and silly by the praise that had been lavished upon him by the Indian maidens. They reviled him and stuck out their tongues at him for being love-sick after the Indian women. They said he had turned nurse for the papooses and hereafter would better stay in the villages of his new-found friends and lie in the sun with the old men. They dared him to go to the village and expose the proceedings of the council, saying that if he attempted it they would set upon and kill him. "For a poor and meagre crust of maize-cake, too hard for the teeth of the red men to crush," said the panther; "you have been bought, and you give up all claim to the rights that have been held sacred by the dogs of all times. We should think that the memory of your forefathers and the long line of noble dogs who have lived before you came on earth to disgrace them would stir you to action for the honor of your race."

"No," said the wolf; "he can remember nothing but the soft caresses of the Indian girls upon his head. I saw him the other day lying at the feet of

Garewiis, the daughter of the chief Teganagen, and when he raised his eyes and looked at her she took his head in her arms and laid her cheek against him, all the time stroking his back and singing to him as she will sing to her papooses when they come to her wigwam. Not only has he sold himself to be the friend of the Indians and sit quietly by while we are enslaved, but he is lovesick and his head is turned."

This warm and intemperate language caused much confusion and something of a sensation, though the dog remained calm and dignified. He showed by no outward sign that the uncivil and untruthful charges of the panther and the wolf had even been heard, much less heeded.

The horse instantly sprang into the open place before the fire and hurled at the two false accusers his most powerful eloquence. "I come as a champion of my friend, the dog," he said. "You have insulted and maligned him in a manner that calls for the condemnation of all honorable beasts. He is my brother. Because there is some difference in our tastes and I am his superior in size, it makes him none the less my brother. I love him, for he is gentle, affectionate, trustworthy, noble and brave. You, the panther, and you, the wolf, boast of your

bravery; yet which of you dared rush into the burning forests as did my brother, the dog, and lead the blind doe to a place of safety? Which of you dared plunge into the river, made deep and dangerous by the melting snows as winter died and the warm winds came to bury him—when the waters boiled and foamed to the very tops of the high banks and spread out over the plains like a great lake—and from the midst of that angry flood bring safely to the shore a weak and drowning companion who had stumbled and fallen over the bank? I have heretofore loved you all, but henceforth I shall be ashamed to acknowledge the wolf and panther as my brothers. They seem to think that bravery consists in cruel attack and glistening teeth, but I can tell them that it is more surely found in noble deeds. I will follow the dog to the homes of the red men, and together we will fight against the cruel practices you design to put in force."

As the horse ceased speaking the Great Spirit came suddenly to the council-fire and said that the loud voices of the disputants had been borne to his ears by the message-bearers and he had listened in sorrow to all that had been said. He had therefore left the Happy Hunting-Grounds and come to their council. He was grieved that the pleasant relations

heretofore existing between the Indians and the animals would now have to be broken and disturbed. When they had been given life the intention was formed that eventually all would dwell together in the Happy Hunting-Grounds. Now he would be compelled to alter his plans. He would change the language of his red children so that the beasts could never talk with them again. He would go to his children in the villages and tell them all that had been said at this clandestine council in the woods. For all time the wolf and panther should be hunted and killed by the Indians. They should be looked upon and warred against as the most dangerous of foes. The bear might be counted as an honorable antagonist, and the red men would be ready to fight him in open battle whenever the opportunity offered. The red men would not disturb or molest him, but if he should come and demand a battle the Indians would not refuse. The beaver and raccoon, on account of the heartless plan they had set forth for the vanquishing of their brethren, should be considered the prey of the Indian and should yield their thick furs to keep his children warm. The fox would be looked upon as a thief. He had proposed to steal the food of the Indians and bring them to want; now he might

practice his desire. But the Indians would be warned and would set traps and snares for him. When caught his fur would be used like the fur of the beaver and raccoon. The horse and the dog might still retain their understanding of speech of the Indians, but as they had been guilty of breaking an ancient treaty by attending a council to which all the parties of the treaty had not been bidden, they must receive some punishment, and would no longer be permitted to speak the Indian language. But they should always be the champions and friends of the red men; they should live in the Indians' homes, be present at the great feasts and festivals, share the products of their hunt, be loved and petted by the maidens and papooses, fight with the Indians when they fought and be partakers and sharers in the victories or defeats. In a word, they should be the companions and brothers of the Indians forever, here and in the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

THE MESSAGE-BEARERS

WHEN the Great Spirit brought the red men from the Happy Hunting-Grounds and left them upon the earth, they were filled with fear lest they could never make him hear their wants and could not reach his ears when they desired to tell him of their joys and sorrows. The sachems went before him and said: "Oh, our Father, how will thy children tell thee of the deeds they have performed that will please thine ear? How will they ask thee to their homes to help them drive away the bad spirits; and how will they invite thee to their feasts and dances? Oh, our Father, thou canst not at all times be awake and watching thy children, and they will not know when thou art sleeping. Thy children do not know the trail to the Happy Hunting-Grounds by which to send their wise men and sachems to talk with thee, for thou hast covered it with thy hands and thy children cannot discover it. How will the words of thy children reach thee, oh, our Father, the Manito; how will what they say come to thine ears?"

Then the Great Spirit created for each one of the red men a second self, to whom he gave a home in the air. He provided these beings with wings and swift feet so they could move very rapidly. To them he imparted the secret of the entrance to his home and made them guides to his children whom he had called on the long journey so that they should not lose the paths leading to their future home. Finally, the Great Spirit told these creatures of the air that they should be message-bearers for his children, and convey their words exactly as spoken from one point to another until they reached the ears of his sachems in the big wigwam by the side of the council-fire that never lost its light. They must be ready at all times to answer the calls of the red men, so that none of their words might be lost. Messages to the loved ones who had left the earth and gone to the Happy Hunting-Grounds must be transmitted with the same watchful care as were those intended for his ears alone. If any of his children spoke idle and untruthful words they, too, must be repeated that their father might know whether they were worthy to be admitted to the grand council-fire.

When he had finished his instructions, the Great Spirit told the sachems that he would return to his

home and that they could go with his children to the bank of a beautiful river near which they dwelt, and there talk to him.

Slowly and with a loud voice, the chief sachem began to speak. From the opposite bank of the river the waiting message-bearer caught up the sachem's words as they were spoken and with a strong voice shouted them to another dweller of the air who crouched in the tree-tops far down the river, ready and alert to do the Great Spirit's bidding. On and on, rolling along the ravines and valleys, leaping from hill-top to mountain-side, and from mountain-side to lake, striding over the forests at a bound—fainter and yet fainter, until lost in the blue distance of the plain—the message of thankfulness and love was borne from the lips of the grateful sachem until it reached the ears of the ever listening and loving father, and was told to the chiefs who sat in the light of the council-fire that never grows dim.

THE WISE SACHEM'S GIFT

A LONG time before the white men came, there lived a wise sachem who was known as the Great Peacemaker. His life was full of winters and his mind was stored with the teachings of the wisest sachems that had lived before him. He could remember the time when all the red men dwelt in peace, and before troubles came that drove them to wars and dissensions. All his life was spent in going from one village to another, teaching the doctrine of peace among his people. He told the red men how to help each other when the bad spirits came and disturbed them. If the harvest was poor in one village, he taught other villages that they must take food to their brothers; if any were in want, he said that those who had plenty must relieve them. He settled differences and difficulties by his logic, quelled wars and disturbances by his wise counsels and eloquence, and taught gentleness by his example. Finally, when he had reached an age beyond that of any of the sachems who had lived before him, he called his people to-

gether and told them that he must go away on the long journey, but that they need not mourn for him, as he would return in a form that would live forever.

From his grave sprang the tobacco plant, and in honor of his memory was established the custom of smoking the pipe of peace at all peaceful councils.

When the curling smoke ascended around the council-fires the red men saw in its fantastic shapes the form and features of the Great Peacemaker. They opened their ears and he told them that agreements made in his presence were sacred, and if violated would displease the Great Spirit. They bent their heads and the wise sachem placed his hands upon them as a token that he would aid his children in all peaceful pursuits. His presence was never invoked when there were discussions of wars, for he would frown upon his children and frighten them with his terrible countenance.

Many generations lived and died, and all respected the agreements made in the presence of the wise sachem's spirit, for not until years after, when the red men had been taught the meaning of a broken treaty through experience with the whites did they ever violate a treaty that had been ratified by "the pipe of peace."

THE FLYING HEAD

THERE were many evil spirits and terrible monsters that hid in the mountain caves when the sun shone, but came out to vex and plague the red men when storms swept the earth or when there was darkness in the forest. Among them was a flying head which, when it rested upon the ground, was higher than the tallest man. It was covered with a thick coating of hair that shielded it from the stroke of arrows. The face was very dark and angry, filled with great wrinkles and horrid furrows. Long black wings came out of its sides, and when it rushed through the air mournful sounds assailed the ears of the frightened men and women. On its under side were two long, sharp claws, with which it tore its food and attacked its victims.

The Flying Head came oftenest to frighten the women and children. It came at night to the homes of the widows and orphans, and beat its angry wings upon the walls of their houses and uttered fearful cries in an unknown tongue. Then it went away, and in a few days death followed

and took one of the little family with him. The maiden to whom the Flying Head appeared never heard the words of a husband's wooing or the prattle of a papoose, for a pestilence came upon her and she soon sickened and died.

One night a widow sat alone in her cabin. From a little fire burning near the door she frequently drew roasted acorns and ate them for her evening meal. She did not see the Flying Head grinning at her from the doorway, for her eyes were deep in the coals and her thoughts upon the scenes of happiness in which she dwelt before her husband and children had gone away to the long home.

The Flying Head stealthily reached forth one of its long claws and snatched some of the coals of fire and thrust them into its mouth—for it thought that these were what the woman was eating. With a howl of pain it flew away, and the red men were never afterwards troubled by its visits.

THE ASH TREE

THE ash tree, the leaves and bark of which were the universal specific for the poison of the rattlesnake, had its origin in a warrior whose wife and two children died from the bite of a rattlesnake that had found its way into their wigwam. The brave's grief was so violent that the Great Spirit gave him permission to turn into a tree, the branches of which would make bows and arrows with which his people could kill their deadly enemies; the green leaves placed in a circle around the sleeping warriors would form a barrier through which the reptiles would not crawl; the bruised leaves would act as a poultice to draw the venom from the wound, and from the bark could be brewed a draught that would drive the delirium from the body of the suffering victim.

A form of words was pronounced as the Indians approached the ash tree to draw on its resources for any of the purposes named. They would say: "Oh, my brother, the mighty friend of the Indian, your red brother comes to you for help. He has

met the forked-tongue whose bite is like the sting of bad arrows. He knows not where to turn except to his noble brother, whose goodness is known to all the Indians. Help me, my brother, for the sting of the forked-tongue is deep and the eyes of your brother close in sleep if you do not help him. I wound you, my brother, but my fathers have told me of your goodness and of your hatred of the forked-tongue."

THE HUNTER

ANISTAGIA, the hunter, was loved by all the animals with gentle natures. He never pursued them in wantonness, and he took the life of none except in case of stern necessity. To the wild, fierce monsters that inhabited the forests and preyed upon the weak and timid ones, Kanistagia was a constant foe, and so swift was the flight of his arrow, so powerful the blow of his hunting club, so unerring his knowledge of their haunts in the mountains, that they feared him deeply and hid away with low and sullen mutterings when they heard his ringing shout upon the chase.

These were the panther, the wolf, the wildcat, and other strange and vicious animals at war with the red men.

But it was not so with the bear, the beaver, the raccoon, the elk, the red deer, the moose, the fox, the squirrel and the dog. They were the friends of Kanistagia, and when he walked abroad his path was made bright by their greetings, and he often sat a long time in their company and talked with

them of curious things found in their haunts. He treated them as friends and neighbors, and when any were sick or wounded he gave them advice about the medicine they should use that they might recover.

Once when the corn was tasseled there came fierce and warlike men from the north, and Kanistagia and his brothers went forth to defend their homes. The Great Spirit gave their arms strength and the fierce men were driven away. But before they went Kanistagia was struck upon the head by the war club of one of the northern men, and when the hunter fell to the ground his victor cut the scalp-lock from his head and bore it away in triumph.

The hunters and warriors did not see Kanistagia fall and mourned him as one who had been taken a prisoner by the fierce men they had fought. They knew he would meet death bravely and go on his way to the Happy Hunting-Grounds with smiles on his lips, and that the wrinkles of a coward would find no place on his face. But his fall did not escape the keen eyes of the fox, who ran to him when the fighting men had disappeared.

"Alas! my benefactor and brother," lamented the fox, "the heavy sleep has closed thine eyes forever. Thy kindly life has been rudely torn from

thy body before the death-song could warn thy brethren of thy coming. Woe and sorrow will be many days with thy brothers in the forest if, perchance, none of them know the medicine that shall bring thee from thy sleep."

Then the fox ran to the top of a high hill and began to sing his death lament, that all might know that trouble had come upon him. Through the forest echoed the mournful sounds, and they were caught up and repeated by the listening beasts on hill and in valley until all had heard the tidings and gathered at the place where the body of Kanistagia, their brother, lay. When they had mourned over his fate the bear called the council to silence.

Said the bear: "My brothers, we mourn for a protector with whom we have spent many pleasant seasons. By his wisdom and counsel we have been taught many things that were good for us to know. It is our duty now, if any know a powerful charm that will awaken him, to produce it that we may once more be gladdened by our brother's smiles."

Then each one ran to and fro in the forest, bringing many curious substances to the side of the hunter, but none was of avail. The bear and the fox, with plaintive whines, stretched themselves by

his side and gently licked the wounds of their brother, but their efforts brought forth no sign of life. At last they were forced to believe that Kanistagia must surely be lifeless, and a great cry of mourning arose from the hundreds of animals present. This attracted the attention of the long nest (oriole) and he flew to ask its meaning. He was informed by the deer, upon whose horns he alighted, and after asking permission from the bear to invite the birds to the mournful gathering, flew rapidly away on his errand. Soon all the birds in the forest had been told and the sky was darkened by their flight to the scene of Kanistagia's death—so wide was the fame of the hunter that all knew him. Among them was the great eagle of the Iroquois, which seldom approached nearer the earth than the tops of the highest mountains. Slowly he floated over the assembled birds and animals and finally stilled his mighty wings and stood beside the hunter. Then he spoke:

"Kanistagia will wake from his heavy sleep if the sharp eyes of his friends will discover his scalp-lock and their swift feet or tireless wings will bear it to this place before the moon is round."

Forth upon their search ran the animals, the bear and elk alone remaining beside their brother to

guard his body from foes. Long and earnestly they sought the trail of the warrior who had slain their friend, but so carefully had he concealed his path that none could follow it. The beaver sought traces of his footsteps in the beds of streams; the dog and the fox thrust their noses under the leaves and deeply drew in their breaths, hoping to find the scent of the murderer's footsteps; the raccoon climbed to the tops of the highest trees and looked in every direction; the red deer ran in great circles, hoping to come suddenly upon the fugitive; the squirrels, and even gentle rabbits, scampered in all directions, looking in vain for traces of the slayer of Kanistagia. But at last all returned, and with heavy hearts told the council that they knew not where to look.

The great eagle of the Iroquois bade the pigeon-hawk make the first flight for the birds, as he was swift of wing. Scarcely had he gone when he returned again, but brought no tidings. The birds murmured that his flight had been so swift that he had not looked carefully, and the eagle sent forth the white heron. But the heron was so slow of wing that the patience of all was exhausted, and soon some small birds came to the council with the news that he had discovered a plain on which wild

beans grew in abundance and was now so overladen with feeding on them that he could not rise and fly. Then the crow came forward and said that if he were sent he would pledge himself to discover the hiding place of the murderer. So the crow was sent and at once flew to a village where he had many times been to watch for food. He sailed slowly over the wigwams at a great height and finally his keen eyes spied the coveted treasure. Watching his chance, the crow dashed down and caught the scalp-lock from the pole upon which it hung, and rapidly winged his way back to the council.

But when they attempted to place the scalp-lock upon their brother's head they found that the piece had been dried and would not fit, and they searched long and faithfully for something that would make it pliable. But their search was in vain, and in despair they turned again to the great eagle, who heard their plight and bade them listen to his words:

"The wings of the eagle are never furled. For many thousand moons the dews of heaven have fallen on my back as I rose to great heights above the storm and watched my mate on her nest above the clouds. These waters may have a virtue no earthly fountain can possess."

Then the eagle plucked a feather from his breast and dipped it in the glistening cup of dew that had fallen on his back, and when this was applied to the scalp-lock it at once became as when first removed.

Again the animals ran into the forest, and from every hidden place, from every deep ravine, from tops of hills and mountains, from knoll and from morass, brought leaves and blossoms and roots from the rarest plants and trees. The birds sought the cliffs and precipices where foot could not rest and added to the collection many curious and rare specimens. With these they made a healing medicine, and when they had placed it upon the hunter's head, his eyes were opened and he lived.

Then, indeed, there was rejoicing. The birds beat their wings and sang loud choruses, while the animals ran about in wild delight because their brother had been awakened from his heavy slumber. As the eagle of the Iroquois soared again to his home on the mountain-top, the round moon, whose coming all had so dreaded, rose over the waving branches of the forest and lent its cheerful light to the happy gathering.

HIAWATHA

ISTEN, my children, while the fire burns red and the shadows come and go like mighty giants, and I will tell you the story of Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon, the holder of the heavens, who afterwards became a mortal and was called Hiawatha, the wise man.

There came to his ears one day a great cry of distress, and when he looked from the entrance of the Happy Hunting-Grounds he saw a few men and women in the forest moaning with terror, for all their friends had been slain by mighty giants and fierce monsters. So he went quickly to their aid, and taking a little maiden by the hand, bade all follow whither she led. By paths known only to Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon, he conducted them to a cave near the mouth of a river,[1] and there he brought them food and bade them sleep.

When they had remained there many days Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon again took the maiden by the hand and led her toward the rising sun, and the few people who had been saved by his mercy followed gladly in the trail he pointed out. At last they

[1] Oswego River.

came where the great river[1] they had followed poured over some mighty rocks to the level of another river,[2] and here he told them to build a house in which they might dwell in peace. Many moons they remained there in happiness, and the little children who came to them grew to be strong men and handsome women. Then came Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon and said to them:

"You, my children, must now go forth and become mighty nations; and I will teach you the mysteries of the forests and make your numbers like the leaves that cover the trees when the warm days have come."

Then they followed him toward the setting sun, and when they had gone some distance he told off certain numbers and families that should make their homes and build a village in that place. These he gave corn, beans, squash, potatoes and tobacco, and also dogs with which to hunt game, and named them Te-ha-wro-gah.[3] From that time they could not understand their brothers, and they dwelt henceforward on the banks of the beautiful river.

Then went he with the others towards the sun-setting till at last they halted in a broad valley where were beautiful streams. And he bade some

[1] Mohawk River. [2] Hudson River. [3] Divided speech; the Mohawks.

of his followers remain there, and gave the same good gifts he had given their brothers and told them that they should be called Ne-ha-wre-ta-go,[1] for the trees of the forest were of great size where he bade them dwell, and in a short time these had also learned to speak a new tongue.

Then Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon led the rest of his people onward toward the sun-setting till they came to a mountain which he called O-nun-da-ga-o-no-ga.[2] There he again commanded some of his people to remain, and he gave into their possession the same gifts he had confided to the care of his other children, and called them Se-uh-no-wah-ah-tah.[3] To these he gave his own language.

Many days journey toward the sunset, near the shores of a lake named Go-yo-gah,[4] he selected a dwelling-place for others of his children and bade them build a village and left them provided with all good things. These he called Sho-nea-na-we-to-wah;[5] and their language was also changed.

Then with those who remained Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon continued toward the sunset until they came to a mountain near the lake called Ga-nun-da-gwa,[6]

[1] The Oneidas. [2] Onandaga; on the hills.
[3] Carrying the name; the Onondagas.
[4] Mountain rising from the water; the Cayugas.
[5] People of the great pipe.
[6] Canandaigua; the place chosen for settlement.

and here he told them they should dwell. And he gave to them the name Te-ho-ne-noy-hent,[1] and changed their language as he had done that of their brothers and bestowed upon them the same gifts for their food.

But there were some who were not content to stay where the holder of the heavens had bidden them to live and who ran away toward the setting-sun many days until they came to a great river which they crossed on a wild grape vine. But when the last ones were crossing, the vine broke and none could ever return.[2]

Then the holder of the heavens gave his time to the instruction of his children, and to each family he imparted some distinctive skill. To the Senecas he gave the power of swift feet, and they could soon outrun any animal in the forest. The Cayugas became skilled in the use of the canoe, and glided over the waters more rapidly than the skimming birds or darting fish. The Onondagas were instructed in all the laws and wishes of the Great Spirit and had power to speak his mind. The Oneidas became skilful in ways of making weapons, of the building of houses and the weaving of baskets.

[1] Possessing the door; the Senecas.
[2] This refers to the Indians beyond the Mississippi.

The Mohawks were taught to shoot their arrows with surer aim than all the others, and could snare the fish from the streams with wondrous skill.

You, my children, must know that Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon, the holder of the heavens, had power to assume any shape, and that he could fly from one place to another, far distant, more rapidly than the great eagle. He taught his people the knowledge of hunting and gardening; he fashioned arrow-heads from the flint and guided the hands of his children until they, too, could make them; he gave instruction in the arts of war, that they might defend themselves; he cleared their streams from obstructions and pointed out the water path[1] from the sun-rising to the sun-setting. He taught them the form of poisonous fruits and plants, giving them to eat of those that were wholesome; he taught them how to kill and dress their game; made the forest free for the tribes to hunt in, and gave them laws and precepts to guide them in the treatment of both the young and the old.

Then Ta-ren-ya-wa-gon determined to reside with his children, and he assumed the form of a

[1] The "water path" was up the Mohawk River to Rome, over a short portage to Wood Creek, thence to Oneida Lake, down the Oswego River to Seneca River, and thence westward over the chain of lakes in the interior of the State of New York. If the journey was to be to the far west, the Oswego River was taken to Lake Ontario and thence through the chain of great lakes.

man and chose as a wife a maiden from the Onondagas. When he had done this he was named Hiawatha. His home was on the shores of a beautiful lake,[1] and to it came many of the red men and their wives and children, that they might learn from the wise Hiawatha how their lives should be guided. To his wigwam came also a daughter, whose beauty was as the flowers, glistening with the dews of night and kissed by the light of the Great Spirit's smiling face. The name of the daughter was Minnehaha.

Many seasons passed. Under the teachings of Hiawatha the Onondagas became the greatest of all nations. The wise man came in his magic canoe of dazzling whiteness and sat at all their councils, and by his wisdom and moderation the tribe was preserved from strife and became foremost in the arts and knowledge of the forest.

But at last there came an alarm from the north beyond the great lakes, and the story was told with fear at the lodge-fires of a relentless enemy who came to kill and burn. In terror the chiefs told their fears to Hiawatha and he advised them to call a council of all the tribes at a place on the borders

[1] Cross Lake, Cayuga County, New York. A very romantic and beautiful point on the southern shores of this little body of water is pointed out by the Indians as the site of Hiawatha's home.

of a lake where he had once told them to light a great council-fire, that they might make preparations to meet their foes. Swift runners went to the villages of all the tribes and the chiefs, and warriors assembled at the appointed place. Three days they awaited the coming of Hiawatha, and on the morning of the fourth a mighty shout arose as they saw his mystic canoe gliding over the waters of the lake. In its prow sat the beautiful Minnehaha, while the wise man, her father, occupied a seat at the stern of the boat and with a light paddle directed the course of the mysterious craft. He was met at the edge of the water by the foremost men of the tribes, and greeting them as brothers, each in their own language, he stepped from the canoe and walked a short distance along the shore. Suddenly a rushing noise was heard, as of the coming of an awful storm, and as all eyes turned upwards a great bird was observed coming out of the heavens with the speed of an arrow. Hiawatha and his daughter alone stood unmoved and tranquil. The others fled in terror. The celestial visitor alighted at the feet of Hiawatha. Impelled by some unseen power, Minnehaha knelt at her father's feet. He placed his hands on her head for a moment and then she slowly rose, cast one look into his face, murmured

gently, "Farewell, my father!" and took her place between the wings of the Great Spirit's messenger. Instantly the giant bird stretched its wings for flight over the glistening waters of the lake, and circling over the heads of the appalled multitude, swiftly bore its burden of loveliness to the home of the Manito.

Hiawatha sank to the earth and covered his head with the robe of a panther. Three times did the smiling face of the Great Spirit pass across the heavens before the wise man moved or uttered a sound, and his red brothers feared he had gone on the long journey and could not again give them counsel. Finally he rose from his mourning, bathed himself in the lake and asked that the council be called. When all were seated in the place appointed, Hiawatha came before them and said:

"My children, listen to the words of Hiawatha, for they are the last he will speak to you. My heart beats with yours, my children, but I cannot longer remain to make known to you the will of the Great Spirit.

"My children, the voice of strife has brought you from the homes where you have so long dwelt in peace. You tremble for the safety of your wives and little ones; you fear that your happy life will

be disturbed. You, the members of many tribes and villages, have one common fear, and you should therefore have one common interest. Singly, no tribe can oppose the hordes of the north that threaten to come like the storms of winter, blasting and killing all in their path. Divided you can make no progress. You must unite as one common band of brothers. You must have one voice, for many tongues make confusion. You must have one fire, one pipe, one war club. If your warriors unite they can defeat any enemy and protect the safety of their homes.

"My children, listen, and Hiawatha will tell the wampum of the Great Spirit."

He made a signal and the fire-keepers advanced to the center of the council-place and united the council-fires in one.[1] Then Hiawatha threw tobacco upon this and said:

"Onondaga, you are the people of the hills and are warlike and mighty. Your strength is like that of the great tree whose branches withstand the storm because its roots sink deep into the ground. You shall be the first nation.

"Oneida, you are the people who recline your bodies against the everlasting stone that cannot be

[1] See note on this legend.

moved.[1] You shall be the second nation because you give wise counsel.

"Seneca, you are the people who have habitation at the foot of the great mountain and dwell within the shadows of its crags. You shall be the third nation because you are fleet of foot and are greatly gifted in speech.

"Cayuga, you whose dwelling is in the dark forest and whose home is everywhere because of the swiftness of your canoes, you shall be the fourth nation because of your superior cunning in hunting.

"Mohawk, you are the people who live in the open country and possess much wisdom. You shall be the fifth nation because you understand best the cultivation of corn and beans and the building of cabins.

"Like the fingers on the hand of the warrior, each must lend aid to the other and work in unison. Then foes shall not disturb or subdue you.

"My children, these are the words of the Great Spirit spoken to you by Hiawatha. Let them sink deep into your hearts and be remembered. When the sun comes again I will listen to your decision. I have done."

[1] Evidently an allusion to Trenton Falls chasm, located within the Oneidas' country.

On the following day the council again assembled and the wise men agreed that Hiawatha had spoken well and that they would follow his teachings. They asked him to be their chief sachem, but he told them he could not as he was going away. Then Hiawatha approached the spot where the celestial bird had rested and gathered a quantity of white plumes that had fallen from its wings. These he gave to the warriors as emblems that they should wear and by which they should be known as members of the Ako-no-shu-ne, who were called the Iroquois.[1] Then Hiawatha said to them:

"To you, Oh! my children, remember well the words of Hiawatha. To you, Oh! my friends and brothers, be faithful in aiding each other when danger may come. Recall the words of the Great Spirit which have been given to you for many moons. Do not admit to your councils the people of other tribes, for they will plant among you the seeds of jealousy and trouble and you will become feeble and enslaved.

"Friends and brothers, these are the last words you will hear from the lips of Hiawatha. Choose the wisest maiden[2] in your tribes, who shall be

[1] Succeeding generations wore feathers from the white heron, approaching as nearly as possible the plumage of the celestial bird.
[2] See legend "The Peacemaker," and note on same.

your peacemaker, and to your sachems shall come wisdom to arrange for the reference to her of dissensions that may arise among you. I have spoken, and will now follow the call of the Great Spirit."

At that moment sweet strains of music burst upon the ears of the listening multitude—like the gentle voice of summer in the branches of the pine trees; they heard it, but knew not whence it came. The wise man stepped forward, and as he was seated in the mystic canoe the music burst upon the air in tones more beautiful than the red men had ever before heard. But the snow-white canoe did not skim the waters of the lake. Slowly it rose as the choral chant pealed forth, and, following the direction taken by the celestial bird, disappeared among the summer clouds as the melody ceased.

THE PEACEMAKER

IENUKA, the peace-home, was desolate. The fire of pine knots that for many generations had burned upon its fire-place was dead and sodden. No voice of welcome was heard within its doors. Its hangings of skins and robes were torn and loosened by the winds of all seasons. The broad paths leading from the sun-rising, the sun-setting, the guide star and the summer land, which for many hundred moons by night and by day had been pressed by the feet of the red children of the forest when in trouble, in danger, in need of counsel, or in want, were now choked with briars and thistles. The wolf whelped her young in the couch of the Peacemaker. Birds without song and of black plumage built their nests and muttered hoarse croakings to their nestlings in the roof of the peace-home.

Blood had been shed in Kienuka and the Great Spirit had made the peace-home desolate.

When Hiawatha, the wise man, was speaking the last words to his children, he told them to

choose from their tribes a maiden possessing wisdom, who should be their peacemaker. So the red men built a home wherein the peacemaker should dwell, and doors were made at each side so that it mattered not whence came the wayfarer he would find a welcome. Then the maidens of the tribes were brought together at the council-place and to them were submitted the questions in dispute among their brothers. The wise men decided that she who would decide the greatest number most justly should be the Peacemaker Queen and dwell within the fortress they had built. Thus the Queen was chosen, and when the Great Spirit called her to the long home she was mourned by the people of all the tribes, and none entered the peace-home until her successor had been selected.

In this manner came to the peace-home Genetaska, the Seneca maiden, whose wisdom and kindness were known to all, and whose beauty was like that of the full summer. She was the most famous of all the Peacemaker Queens, and the red men said that Minnehaha, the daughter of Hiawatha, came often from the sky on the back of the celestial bird and gave her advice and guidance. Whoever went to the doors of the peace-home disputing came from them again, when they had

eaten and rested, with no anger in their hearts, for Genetaska soothed them by her gentle voice. To the sick and wounded she ministered with the greatest medicine herbs; to those heated by passion she told tales of the Great Spirit that taught them moderation. Disputes among the tribes were so adjusted that the hunters or warriors who would come to Kienuka with anger and war in their hearts left its doors as brothers.

One day there came to the peace-home two young chiefs—one from the Oneidas and the other from the Onondagas. Each claimed that his arrow had given the death stroke to a mighty buck they had been trailing in the forest. When they had tried their skill with weapons, agreeing that the most skillful should possess the slain animal, neither could gain advantage over the other. Then said the Onondaga: "I will fight thee, Oneida, and he who lives may carry to his village the mighty buck and the scalp-lock of his enemy."

But the Oneida said: "Thou, Onondaga, must remember the words that have been spoken in thine ears by the old men who listened to the teachings of Hiawatha, that when two hunters of the Five Nations dispute in the paths of the forest they shall not fight, but tell their dispute to the

Peacemaker. The Oneida will go with thee to Kienuka."

When they had eaten and rested at the peace-home, the hunters were told that each should take half of the buck back to his village. "For," said the Peacemaker, "the animal is large, and with half each hath enough for his wife and little ones."

"The Oneida is alone in his home," said the chief. "I carry the meat to the old men and to the women who have no sons. The Oneida has seen no maiden he would take to his wigwam till he beheld Genetaska, the Peace Queen."

Then said the Onondaga: "The home of the Onondaga is desolate since the plague robbed it of the loved ones. He is a great chief and has power in his tribe, for he was never defeated on the chase or in the contest. But the Peacemaker has made his heart weak, and he can never be strong again unless she will come to his wigwam."

Then said Genetaska: "Go, thou, my brothers, and think no more of the Peace Queen, who is chosen by the tribes and may not be the wife of any. Seek thou other maidens, who will gladly become wives to you."

But when they were gone there was no longer

peace in the heart of Genetaska, for the form of the Oneida was before her eyes.

When the autumn came—when its first tints had touched the forests and merely tinged the dark green with a hazy brown—the Oneida chief came at sun-setting to the peace-home and stood boldly before the Peacemaker. He said:

"The Oneida hath built a wigwam in the summer land where the Five Tribes do not care to go. He hath filled it with robes and supplied it with food and it awaits the coming of Genetaska, the Seneca maiden, who loves the Oneida. The tribes will choose another Peace Queen when thou art gone, and thy heart will no longer be heavy with the burdens of all the red children who come to thee with their troubles. Will not Genetaska go?"

The maiden looked boldly into the face of her lover and answered: "Genetaska will go."

Toward the summer land they left Kienuka, and when they came to the river they glided rapidly along in the Oneida's canoe and were lost to their people forever.

* * * * * *

But the peace-home was desolate, and to its doors in the darkness came running two men whose anger toward each other had long been fed

with jealousy and hatred. When no Peacemaker was found their rage could no longer be controlled, and they fell upon each other with their hunting clubs and fought till they sank from exhaustion and died before each other's eyes.

The peace-home had been desecrated by the shedding of blood. Henceforth it was a place shunned by all men.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

HEN the frosts were unlocked from the hillsides there came into one of the villages of the red men a mild and quiet old man whom none of them had ever seen before. He stood beside the field where the young men played at their games, and when some of the fathers approached to bid him welcome to their village and wigwams they saw that his body was covered with sores, and they made excuses to turn aside that they might not meet him. When none went to him and called him brother, he turned to the village and walked slowly from door to door of the wigwams. The women saw him and as he approached their doors they covered their children's faces that they might not see his features, and wished in their hearts that he would not enter. When the little man read their thoughts, with saddened eyes and heavy steps he would turn away and seek another habitation, where he would again see that he was not welcome and turn his weary footsteps from the door. When he had visited all the wigwams in the village without find-

ing a welcome in any, he went suddenly to the forest and they saw him no more.

The next day he appeared in another village, where the same weary round of the day before brought him no shelter. For many days thereafter he went from village to village, and, though he spoke to no one, he knew that their hearts were not open to him and that they shuddered at his coming.

Finally there remained but two more villages to visit and he feared that he should find none who would bid him enter their homes that they might minister to his wants. At last, however, as he approached a humble cabin his eyes brightened, for he read in the heart of the woman who saw him coming that she had taken pity on his forlorn condition and that her hospitality would overcome the dread his appearance caused. Said the woman:

"Thou art welcome, my brother, for thou art a stranger."

Then said the strange man: "Peace to my sister's house and happiness to her husband."

Then the woman spread a couch of soft furs at one side of the wigwam and bade the stranger lie down; and when she had done so she asked him how she should minister to his wants. Then the strange man said:

"Listen, my sister: Thou of all thy race hast had in thy heart pity and love for a suffering and friendless creature that have led thee to give him shelter in thy house. Know then, my sister, that thy name shall henceforth be great. Many wonders shall be taught thee, and thy sons will be made chiefs and thy daughters princesses. I am Quarara, and bear messages from the Great Spirit."

Then Quarara described to the woman a plant which she went forth into the forest and procured. She returned to the hut and prepared it as he bade her, and when it was administered to him he recovered from his sickness and the sores left him.

Quarara remained at the woman's wigwam many moons and brought upon himself all manner of fevers, plagues and diseases, and for each one he described the medicine root or herb that would perform its cure. These the woman found in the forest and brought to him, and he made it plain how they should be prepared to do the will of the Great Spirit and defeat the evil spirits and witches that plagued his people.

Then said the strange man, Quarara, to her:

"Thou, Oh! sister, knowest now what the Great Spirit would have thee teach his children freely. Thou hast been patient and kind and thy heart is

filled with gentleness. The sons that shall be born to thee shall be called Sagawahs, the healers, and thou and thy family shall be remembered throughout all generations."

Quarara then brought upon himself the fatal disease, for which there is no remedy, and returned to his home with the Great Spirit.

THE FOUR WINDS

A LITTLE boy and his grandmother lived together in a small hut, and while the old woman was absent in the fields tilling the corn and gathering branches for their fire, he was alone at their home. As he played about the cabin he heard strange voices in the trees, and though he listened carefully and looked very closely in the direction of the sound, he could never see anyone. He often asked his grandmother who was thus ever talking among the branches, but she bade him wait until he was older, when he would find out for himself.

So one night he could not sleep, for he heard the voices roaring and shrieking all about the cabin, and he crept to his grandmother's side and begged her to tell him what it was. "That is the west wind, my son," said the grandmother. "But lie close in the cot and cover your head with your furs and he will not harm you."

In the morning when the grandmother was going away to the harvest he asked her where the west wind lived. She pointed out the direction

and told him that it was a long distance away; too far for a little boy to walk. So he waited until he grew larger and could shoot straight with the arrows, and had discovered many charms, and then one day he started out to find the west wind.

Far, far away in the west he came to a field, so wide that he could not see across it, and as he neared this he heard a voice say: "Ah, ha, here comes the young boy who is seeking me. What shall I do with him?" But the boy could see no one.

Then the voice said: "What would you think if I should send a hurricane to tear up your grandmother's cabin?"

"Oh, I should like it," said the boy, "for the cabin is old and we need a new one."

Then, straight and swift, he sent an arrow in the direction of the voice, and immediately there was a loud roaring like many voices talking all at one time. The boy turned and ran home as fast as he could, and as he neared his grandmother's cabin he heard a mighty storm gathering. His grandmother came running out to meet him, and cried that he had angered the west wind and now they would be killed.

"Not at all," said the boy, "for I will change the cabin into a rock." He used one of his charms

and the cabin changed as he said, and he and his grandmother sat in the center of the rock until the wind was tired out in his search for them. Then the boy changed the rock back into a cabin again, and they went out into the woods and found plenty of fuel which the west wind had scattered on the ground. Afterwards he was not afraid of the west wind, for he had learned that no matter how angry it was, it could not roar very long.

In a few days the boy asked his grandmother where the north wind lived, and though she pointed in the direction, she told him that he better not go to find it. But the boy started out, and he walked a long distance until he came to some high hills covered with snow.

"Ho, ho," said a voice, "here comes a foolish boy to find my home."

But the boy could not see anyone, and he asked: "Who is talking? If that is the north wind, I have come to seek you out."

"Yes, I am the north wind," answered the voice, growing louder. "What would you think if I should send a great hailstorm down upon your grandmother's cabin, and strike it with spears as sharp as needles?"

"Oh, I should like it," replied the boy, "for I want some sharp spears."

Then he fitted an arrow to his bow and sent it toward the north wind, and when the arrow went out of sight he heard a loud rattling, and he turned and ran home as fast as he could. As he came near his grandmother's home, she met him in alarm and said: "Now I know we will be killed, for you have made the north wind angry."

But the boy told her not to be afraid, and he again changed the cabin into a rock, and they sat in the center until the north wind was tired out. When the storm was over and the rock was changed back into a cabin, the boy and his grandmother came out and saw the ground all stuck full of glistening spears.

"Just what I wanted," said the boy. "I will get poles and fit them to the spears and use them in fishing." But when he brought poles, he saw no spears remaining, for all had melted in the sun. Then the boy never was again afraid of the north wind, for he knew that no matter how many glistening spears and handsful of hail it brought, the sun could soon melt them.

The next day the boy asked his grandmother where the east wind lived.

"Have you not had enough adventure, my son?" said the grandmother. "Beware of the east wind, for it is more cruel than the others."

But the boy said he must find it, and the grandmother showed him the direction. So he started out and walked until he came to a lake which he could not see across. From the shore where he stopped he saw great shadowy forms of white, and then he heard a voice whistling over the waves:

"Who is this," it shrieked, "that comes to my home to disturb me?"

Then the boy said: "Who are you that asks in such a loud voice?"

"I am the east wind," whistled the voice, louder than before. "What would you think if I should come upon you with a cloud and swallow you up?"

"Oh, I should like it," answered the boy, "for I have always wanted to ride upon a cloud."

And then he fitted an arrow to his bow and shot it into the strange shapes which he saw approaching the shore. When the arrow struck them, the forms commenced to roll toward him as though they would crush him down, and the boy ran home as fast as he could. The grandmother heard the whistling of the east wind as it followed her son, and she ran out to meet him. "Oh, dear," she

cried, "now you have angered the east wind, and it will flood our home and drive us into the fields."

"Not so," said the boy. "Do not fear him, grandmother, for he is but a noisy, clumsy fellow and is afraid of fire."

So they carried many branches into their cabin and sat by a warm fire until the east wind found that he could not drive its clouds of fog into the presence of the grandmother and the boy, and then it went away. And the boy never again feared the east wind, for he knew that a cheerful campfire would not let it harm him.

Now, the boy knew that there was remaining only one direction in which he could seek the south wind, and he went away in the morning before his grandmother awakened. He walked a long distance, and finally came to a field all strewn with flowers; where birds were singing and squirrels were chattering in the trees or scampering along the fallen logs. As he stopped to see these beautiful sights, he heard whisperings all about him in the branches, and then there was a touch upon his cheek. He kept very still and listened again, and then he heard a voice whispering in pleasant tones:

"Who is this that comes to the home of the south wind?"

"Only a little boy," he replied, quietly, "who means no harm."

"Do you want me to take some of my birds and blossoms and go with you to your home, little boy?" said the whispering wind, as it played upon his cheeks again and gently stirred the feathers which were stuck in his hair.

"If you should do this, my grandmother would be as happy as I am," answered the boy.

Then the south wind took him by the hand, and together they went toward his home. With them went the birds, and, sometimes, gentle showers which freshened the trees which the noisy west wind, the cruel north wind and the terrible east wind had stripped of their leaves, and spread a carpet of green over the dry ground as they passed along. The old grandmother heard from afar the soft sighing of many voices, and with them the shrill call of the birds; and so she ran into the hut and made ready to plant the seeds of corn, and beans and squashes.

Bits of Folk-Lore

BITS OF FOLK-LORE

FIRE was believed to be a giant that was fed on pygmies or small spirits existing only in the wind. The process of fanning the embers into flame with one's breath was only attempted at the greatest hazard, as it was "very bad medicine."

Whoever might be engaged in the practice of any mystery should never be disturbed or interfered with except under penalty of the direst misfortunes and the suspicion of all his tribe. They might wonder in their own hearts, but they must never betray the least curiosity to find out what one of their number might be trying to bring about by his experiments, incantations or mysterious performances. The arrows of a curious hunter never hit the mark, and the corn planted and tilled by a curious woman bore only crooked and withered ears.

The sun was commonly known as "the smiling face of the Great Spirit," and when it disappeared at night it was supposed to have entered the door

of a great wigwam which was built in the form of a semi-circle. In the morning it reappeared at the other door of the wigwam. Their ideas about astronomy were extremely vague and were constantly changing. The moon was believed to be a sister of the sun, and in time would be able to give as much light as her brother. The stars were bright and glowing brands of fire tied with thongs and held by spirits created for that purpose by the Great Spirit. One star alone, the North Star, was held by the Great Spirit himself because it was always in the same place. It was called the guide. Other stars and planets were named, but the names have not been preserved.

The springs and the streams they formed were first made for the convenience of the Great Spirit. He desired to leave the Happy Hunting-Grounds and make a journey over the earth and so he sent a large white bird to carry water from the original spring near the Great Spirit's wigwam and plant it in the earth at convenient distances. Sections of country that were without springs had not been visited by the Great Spirit.

Language was looked upon as a sacred gift, and was as much a part of the body as the head or

limbs. For this reason an Indian never spoke the language of another nation except in the capacity of interpreter. When a council was held between tribes the orators conducted the debate in their own language, and the words were translated, when necessary, as they fell from the lips of the speakers by those who had been trained for that purpose. It was considered the greatest possible affront to their ancestors and to the Great Spirit for the Iroquois to speak any language other than their own. Deaf mutes among them were pointed out as people who were not satisfied with the language of their fathers and in consequence had lost the power to speak or hear.

Difficulties and contentions were spirits of evil that flew about inciting trouble. When disputes and differences were arranged or settled they would arise again unless buried. When terms of a settlement had been agreed upon it was customary to dig a hole in the ground, around which the disputants would gather, and each party to the dispute would talk his grievances into the excavation, absolutely unburdening himself of all he had to say. When the ceremony was concluded, the excavated earth was returned and firmly stamped and pounded

down. In this way, it was believed, the quarrel could be forever buried unless one of the parties to the ceremony deliberately removed the earth and again opened the prison of the bad spirits. From this belief grew the custom of "burying the hatchet" when peace was secured, and of digging it up when war was determined upon.

The Aurora Borealis was believed to be the reflection of the light of the camp-fires in the Happy Hunting-Grounds. When its lights were seen it was supposed that the brothers who had passed into the future were rejoicing over the successful termination of some great hunt or participating in a feast. The size of a fire that could cast such wonderful lights was beyond their comprehension, and often the death-song of the warriors and chiefs would refer to their hope of soon standing beside the fire that was greater than the mountains. It was customary for them to stand in the open air and make long speeches to the spirits during the time the Aurora was to be seen. They would chide the spirits for wastefulness in building so large a fire and call upon them not to burn all the forests of the Great Spirit before their friends on the earth were admitted to the charmed circle and permitted

to enjoy the pleasures of a camp-fire of such gigantic proportions.

It was wrong to complain of pain of any kind or to show by any act that pain was experienced. Both pain and suffering were caused by bad spirits, and surely one would not give their enemies the pleasure of knowing that their attempts had in any manner caused discomfort. The Great Spirit was trying with all his power to relieve those who suffered pain, and to complain when your friend was doing his best to aid you would make him think that his efforts were not appreciated. Besides this, after the first shock of a wound, none of the animals betray by their cries the presence of pain. The dog will carry a broken leg for days, wistfully but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with club or stone, or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears its agony in silence. The wolf or bear, caught in the pitfalls and pierced with scores of stinging arrows, indicate by no outward sign that they suffer. The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck by the arrow in mid-air, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There

is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again. The Indians learned many of their lessons from the animals and were taught to be as brave and uncomplaining as their brothers of the forests.

The Happy Hunting-Grounds

THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS

IT is hardly possible to define the creed of the people comprising the Iroquois, for it was so intermingled with curious superstitions of every kind that it cannot be traced to a continuous doctrine like the religions of other peoples. They had no special teachers of religion, and the privilege of adding as many superstitions as the mind could conceive was possessed by each individual member. Thus their religious belief was encumbered with almost every superstition that could be created in the minds of an ignorant and uncivilized people dwelling in wildernesses filled with numerous wild beasts and given over to the undisputed sway of solitude.

In a general way, however, according to the explanations made by Cornplanter of the belief entertained by him, their religion saw God as a great and loving spirit whose extended arms bore up and encircled the universe. They believed this Great Spirit created all the objects, both animate and inanimate, upon the earth ; that he smiled upon his people in sunshine and shower, and frowned upon

them in fierce storms and whirlwinds. He peopled the air with millions of embodied spirits, some of which were evil, and unless propitiated caused pain, sickness, trouble and death. Others were good spirits and aided the hunter in his chase, the lover in his suit, and brought male offspring to the mother's arms. Finally, he had prepared for them a "Happy Hunting-Ground," where every one should go after death. There beautiful birds would make resonant the hills and valleys with their enchanting song. The Great Spirit had covered that vast and magnificent country with plains, and forests, and limpid streams, in which and over which would sport the red deer, bears, buffaloes, wild horses and all animals and fishes useful for clothing and food. The good Indian could there reside forever with his wives and papooses, climbing the rugged hills without weariness, sporting in the rivers and lakes that never failed to supply an abundance of fish—always returning from the chase laden with the trophies of his skill. But the bad Indian would return from the chase empty-handed; he would lose his way and wander in the labyrinth of beautiful paths that led him beside fields of growing maize which disappeared when he attempted to pluck the glistening ears. Then

his more fortunate brothers would take pity upon him and lead him to his home, and his punishment would be the chagrin he would feel when of necessity he was compelled to partake of his brother's bounty.

In the beginning, the red men dwelt with the Great Spirit in this delightful country, but they were so boisterous and full of play that the Great Spirit could get no rest on account of their noise. Besides this, there were no evil spirits or dangers there, and they could not learn to be brave and courageous unless they were situated where they came in contact with opposition and trouble. So the Great Spirit made a large basket in which he placed the red men, carefully covering them so they could not see the trail by which he took them from his home. He brought them to the earth and left them with the promise that when they had acquired bravery and circumspection they should again be carried to his home and there dwell for "so many moons that all the needles on the greatest pine tree would not tell them all."

The Iroquois held sacred no day on which to perform particular religious exercises, but they had several annual festivals which were observed with regularity for ages, and which are, in a measure,

celebrated by the so-called pagans among the Senecas, Onondagas and Tuscaroras at the present time. The first of these was the "Maple Dance," and exemplified their way of thanking the Great Spirit for tempering the wind so that the snows would disappear and the sweet waters would flow from the sides of the maple trees that abounded in the wilderness about their homes. Previous to holding this, and all other festivals, the inhabitants of each village would meet at the council place for what might be termed to-day "a confession of sins"—for such it really was. When all had assembled, one of the oldest sachems would stand before his brethren with a string of white wampum in his hands and tell wherein he had sinned according to Indian ethics. When he had concluded, the wampum would be passed to another, and so on until all had unburdened themselves. The open declaration of their misdeeds did not relieve them of the consequences of the deeds themselves, but in a measure it tempered the punishment. The moral code may be briefly summed up as follows:

It was a sin to neglect the old in any manner, or to refuse to share with them the fruits of the chase or the products of the fields, and it was especially sinful to neglect or disregard aged or infirm parents.

To speak in derision or slightingly of anyone who might be lame, blind, idiotic, insane—crippled in any manner or unfortunate in any degree, or to refuse them aid or shelter.

To refuse to share food or shelter with anyone who might apply for either, or to fail to care for the sick and for orphan children and widows.

To break any treaty or agreement made at the council-fire when the peace-pipe had been smoked, or after the parties making the treaty had partaken of food together.

To violate the chastity of any woman.

To kill animals for any other purpose than for food and covering, and for the protection of growing crops and human life.

To tell a falsehood, even though it might be of the most innocent character.

To show cowardice in meeting any kind of danger or to shrink from exposure, pain, suffering, sickness or death.

To take human life unless the person killed was a member of a tribe with which the Iroquois was at war.

There were no punishments prescribed for breaking any of these or other recognized laws, but the person offending by the commission of the greater sins was, by common consent and custom, shunned, scorned, shamed, neglected, pointed at and ostracised from all connection whatever with his tribe and relatives. This generally resulted in the cul-

prit's suicide, which was looked upon as a very brave act, and was full reparation for the wrongs committed.

Soon after the "Maple Dance" had been held came the "Planting Festival," which was conducted as a thank offering to the Great Spirit for unfolding the buds upon the trees, decking the woods and fields with flowers and warming the earth so that it could receive and nourish the seed.

When the seed had been planted, and upon the appearance of the first shoots of corn, the "Hope Festival" was held. At this time, as the red men circled around the glowing fires, they called upon the Great Spirit to protect the seeds that he had given life and asked him to bring them to maturity. They sprinkled leaves of tobacco upon the fires and repeated slow, monotonous chants or prayers that had been used by them for unknown generations. They asked the Great Spirit to give attention to their words arising to him in the smoke and not to let his ears become closed that he might not hear. They said:

Thy children thank thee for the life thou hast given the dead seeds. Give us a good season that our crops may be plentiful. Continue to listen for the smoke still rises. Preserve our old men among

us and protect the young. Help us to celebrate this festival as did our fathers.

The "Green Corn Festival" was held when the season had so far advanced that the corn was ready to be used as roasting ears. The old women decided when this time had come, and none might partake of the corn until the festival had proceeded to the proper stage. This was a time of returning to the Great Spirit their thanks for his goodness, and the festivities lasted several days. They were wild and uncouth, of course, but the participants had faith that these ceremonies were pleasing to the Great Spirit. The revelry was conducted in a prescribed form that probably did not change for centuries. In the midst of one of the dances peculiar to the "Green Corn Festival" the oldest sachem of the tribe gave utterance to a prayer of thanksgiving, which has been translated as follows:

Great Spirit in the Happy Hunting-Grounds, listen to our words. We have assembled to perform a sacred duty as thou hast commanded and which has been performed by our fathers since thou taught them to observe this festival. We salute thee with our thanks that thou hast caused our supporters to yield abundant harvest.

Great Spirit, our words continue to flow towards

thee. Preserve us from all danger. Preserve our aged men. Preserve our mothers. Preserve our warriors. Preserve our children. Preserve our old men that they may remember all that thou hast told them. Preserve our young men and give them strength to celebrate with pleasure thy sacred festival.

Great Spirit, the council of thy people here assembled, the men and women with many winters on their heads, the strong warriors, the women and children, unite their voices in thanksgiving to thee.

The "Harvest Festival" was held a few weeks afterwards and was similar in character, though not considered of so much importance as the "Green Corn Festival."

Some time during the winter was held the "White Dog Dance." This, however, was not of so ancient an origin as the other festivals and was probably a superstition promulgated by some of the great "medicine men" within the last two hundred and fifty years. Evil spirits that might have been driven into the houses of the Indians by the cold, were induced by various ceremonies to enter the body of a white dog or gray fox that was led from house to house for that purpose. Then, with due ceremony, the animal was killed and the bad spirits cremated with the body—the jaws hav-

ing been tied together so that the spirits could not escape through its mouth, into which they had entered.

The Indians had numerous other ceremonial dances and any number of social dances—more than any other race of people, for they had few other amusements—but those enumerated above were the only strictly religious festivals. These were in every sense reverential, devotional and inspired by faith. The red men believed that if they observed them according to ancient customs and usages it would please the Great Spirit and that he would eventually take them all to the Happy Hunting-Grounds. While they clearly believed in an immortal life and in the resurrection of the body, they had no belief whatever in the infliction of future punishment, other than that experienced by the hunter whose arrows could not procure the game he coveted and trailed in the land where game abounded forever.

Had these people, possessing (as they most certainly did) a religion combining so many of the elements of the Christian religion, been discovered by any one of the enlightened nations of the present day instead of by the intolerant and greedy bigots of four hundred years ago, their history would not

have been written with so many sad scenes for illustrations.

' About the year 1800 a new religion was revealed to the members of the Iroquois then residing in New York State, and as it is what is now known as the Pagan belief, it may be well to describe it briefly. At that time there was living on Cornplanter Island, in the State of Pennsylvania, a half-brother of Cornplanter and Blacksnake by a common father—Abeel, the white trader. His name was Handsome Lake (Ga-ne-o-di-yo), and he was born near the site of the village of Avon, N. Y., in 1735, and died in 1815 at Onondaga when on a pastoral visit to that nation. His life had been spent mainly in dissipation, and in his old age he fell ill and was not expected to live from day to day. One night he sent his daughter to summon his renowned brothers to his bedside, as he was convinced that his end was drawing near. His brothers reached the house shortly after daylight and found Handsome Lake at some distance from the hut, apparently dead. They carried him in and had commenced to make preparations for the funeral, when suddenly he revived, sat upright and commenced to talk very strangely. He recovered rapidly and at his urgent request a council of his people was

summoned to meet at Cornplanter, and to this assembly he revealed all that had befallen him.

His revelations soon became the religion of the Iroquois and may be considered their creed at the present time. Handsome Lake journeyed from tribe to tribe and taught the new faith till his death, fifteen years after. He was regarded as a second Hiawatha and had wonderful influence. After his death other teachers took his place and continued to expound the new faith as nearly as possible in the exact words of him to whom it was believed to have been first revealed. Unlike modern theologians, they made no attempt to put their views and ideas ahead of the original revelation, for they commenced each new section of the long and tedious recital with the words, "Thus said Handsome Lake," and they followed him as closely as possible, both in words and gestures. They did not add to or take away—they simply repeated. The last great follower of Handsome Lake was his grandson (Sase-ha-wa), known to the whites as Jimmy Johnson, who died about 1830. About the middle of August, 1894, a grand council of the chiefs was held at Onondaga, and on that occasion these traditions were revived, several days being spent in the work.

Stripped of long explanations as to how the message was told and the details of the various provisions and requirements, the creed of Handsome Lake was as follows:

As he lay in his cabin looking out of the window at the stars, momentarily expecting death, three beautiful men came to his couch and gave him some berries to eat, which threw him into a deep sleep. When he awoke he was told by one of the men that he might live if he would throughout the remainder of his life be a teacher of his people and speak to them the words that the Great Spirit put into his mouth. He promised to do this and immediately became strong. Then the men conducted him to the outer air, where he was found by his brothers, and, after showing him many wonderful things concerning the Happy Hunting-Grounds, again threw him into a sleep and disappeared. When he taught he closed his eyes and spoke only the words put into his mouth by the Great Spirit; therefore, whatever he told them was inspired. The doctrines expounded by him did not displace any of the old ceremonies so dear to the heart of the Iroquois. In fact, he urged the observance of all the religious dances, saying they were pleasing to the Creator. His first efforts were

directed toward the eradication of intemperance, and here entered the first threat of future punishment in the creed of the Iroquois. A drunkard was promised boiling hot liquor, which he must drink in great quantities. When he had drunk until he could hold no more, streams of fire would issue from his mouth and he would be commanded to sing as he had done on earth after drinking the fire-water. Husbands and wives who had been quarrelsome on earth were to be compelled to rage at each other till their eyes and tongues ran out so far they could neither see nor speak. A wife-beater would be repeatedly led before a red-hot statue which he would be told to strike as he struck his wife upon earth, and when the blow fell, molten sparks would fly from the image and burn his arm to the bone. Lazy people were compelled to till cornfields in a burning sun, and as fast as the weeds were struck down they would again spring up with renewed luxuriance. Those who sold the lands of their people to the whites were assigned to the task of removing a never-diminishing pile of sand, one grain at a time, over a vast distance.

These are but samples of the terrible punishments to be dealt out to evil-doers of all kinds.

At the same time he taught that rewards would be freely bestowed to those who kept the laws laid down by the Great Spirit, and into these laws as revealed by Handsome Lake, with many fanciful and poetical imaginings that pleased the simple people to whom he taught, he wove the Ten Commandments. He taught morality, temperance, patience, forbearance, charity, forgiveness, and all the cardinal virtues.

Handsome Lake implicitly believed that the vision he described was a direct visitation from the Creator, and he also believed that in his teachings he was simply giving voice to the wishes of that Creator. There is little doubt that he exerted a decided influence for good, as did also his followers for many years after his death; but when sects and denominations commenced to tumble over each other in their zeal to "Christianize the Iroquois," and hair-splitting questions of theology were put forward to confuse and confound the teachings of the prophet of their own blood, the Indians began to doubt all that had been told them in the past and their ears were stopped to all that might be preached to them in the future. It may be truthfully stated that few Indians have at present any well-grounded religious belief, yet if they were not

fearful that it would cause them to be subjected to further legal restrictions they would be well pleased to return once more to the free enjoyment of the teachings of Handsome Lake, their greatest prophet.

THE SACRED STONE OF THE ONEIDAS

IN Forest Hill Cemetery, at Utica, New York, a short distance from the entrance, may be seen what is probably the most interesting historical relic of the Iroquois—the Sacred Stone of the Oneida Indians. The legend connected with this monument is as strange and poetic as any of those given in the preceding pages, and quite naturally should have a place in this volume. The story was obtained from the Indians by the late William Tracy before their removal to Green Bay, Wisconsin, and as told by him and by contemporary writers is as follows:

Two brothers and their families left the Onondagas and erected their wigwams on the north shore of the Oneida River, at the outlet of the lake bearing that name. They kept the celebrations commanded by the Great Spirit and he was pleased with their obedience. One morning there appeared at their resting place an oblong stone, unlike any of

the rocks in the vicinity, and the Indians were told that from it their name should be taken, and that it would for all time be the altar around which their councils and their festive and religious ceremonies should take place, as it would follow them wherever they should go. So they took the name of "The People of the Upright Stone," and kept their home beside this altar many years. But finally they became so numerous that there was not room for them here, and they builded their chief village upon the south side of the lake, where a creek bearing the same name discharges its waters. True to the promise, and unassisted by human hands, the sacred stone followed and located once more in the midst of them.

Here the Oneidas flourished till the confederation of the Iroquois was formed, and they became second in the order of precedence in the confederacy. After many years it was determined by the chief men of the nation to remove their council-fire to the summit of one of a chain of hills about twenty miles distant—a commanding point before which is spread a broad view of the fertile Stockbridge valley. And when the council of the nation had selected this new home for its people, the sacred stone once more followed in the train of its children.

It rested in a grove of butternut trees, from beneath whose branches the eye could look out upon a landscape not equaled elsewhere in their national domain. Here it remained to see the Iroquois increase in power and importance until the name struck terror to their foes from the Hudson to the Father of Waters. Around this unhewn altar, within its leafy temple was gathered all the wisdom of the nation when measures affecting its welfare were to be considered. Their eloquence, as effective and beautiful as ever fell from Greek or Roman lips, was poured forth upon the ears of the sons and daughters of the forest. Logan, the white man's friend, was there trained to utter words that burned, and there Sconondoa, the last orator of his race, the warrior chief and lowly Christian convert, with matchless power swayed the hearts of his countrymen; there the sacred rites were celebrated at the return of each harvest moon and each new year, when every son and daughter of the stone came up like the Jewish tribes of old to join in the national festivities.

This was the resting place of the stone when the first news came that the paleface had come from beyond the bitter waters. It remained to see him penetrate the forest and come among its children a

stranger; to see him welcomed by the red men to a home, and then to see its red children shrink and wither away until the white man's sons plowed the fields beneath whose forest coverings slept many generations.

At length the council-fire of the Oneidas was extinguished; its people were scattered, and there was no new resting place for them to which this palladium might betake itself and again become their altar. It was a stranger in the ancient home of its children, an exile upon its own soil.

* * * * * *

It was known to several of the trustees of the Forest Hill Cemetery Association that when the Oneidas removed to Green Bay and broke up their tribal relations they were very loath to leave their altar unprotected, and when the association was formed in the spring of 1849, correspondence was had with some of the head men of the nation, and consultations were held with the few remaining in the vicinity of their old home. They were most desirous that the stone should be protected, and were happy in the prospect of its removal to some place where it would remain secure from the contingencies and dangers to which it might be exposed in a private holding, liable to constant change

of owners. With the consent of the owner of the farm upon which it was located, the huge boulder was carefully loaded upon a wagon drawn by four horses, and in the autumn of 1849, accompanied by a delegation of Oneida Indians and two of the trustees of the cemetery association, it was conveyed with considerable difficulty to its present site. It is said by some who remember the occasion, that before the Indians departed from the cemetery, they assembled around the stone and betrayed in their leave-taking pitiful manifestations of grief, several of them kneeling beside the boulder and kissing it.

Here this mass of white granite, which is unlike any of the stones or rocks to be found south of the northern dip of the Adirondacks, or the granite hills of Vermont and New Hampshire, remained on a grassy mound a half century. Its weight is estimated to be about four thousand pounds. In the spring of 1902 the cemetery authorities caused it to be placed upon a base of Westerly marble, upon one side of which is fixed a bronze tablet bearing this inscription:

SACRED STONE OF THE
ONEIDA INDIANS

THIS STONE WAS THE NATIONAL ALTAR OF THE ONEIDA INDIANS, AROUND WHICH THEY GATHERED FROM YEAR TO YEAR TO CELEBRATE SOLEMN RELIGIOUS RITES AND TO WORSHIP THE GREAT SPIRIT. THEY WERE KNOWN AS THE TRIBE OF THE UPRIGHT STONE. THIS VALUABLE HISTORICAL RELIC WAS BROUGHT HERE FROM STOCKBRIDGE, MADISON COUNTY, N. Y., IN 1849.

Many times during the first twenty-five or thirty years after the sacred stone was deposited upon Forest Hill it was visited by members of its tribe; and even now at occasional intervals the cemetery employees see the figure of an Indian passing along the graveled paths to pause beside this sole remaining monument of a broken race.

It is pleasing to know that this granite boulder will here forever remain, a memorial to a people celebrated for their savage virtues, and who were

once by no means obscure actors in some of the stirring passages of our country's history; a people who were happy in their homes and who loved these fertile hills and valleys as we love them, but of whose ownership and sovereignty, whose teeming life and undisputed sway, there remains only this mute, unembellished monument.

Truthfully it may be said: "He-o-weh-go-gek" —once a home, now a memory.

Notes to the Legends

NOTES TO THE LEGENDS

THE CONFEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS, Page 23.—When the Europeans discovered North America they found that portion of the continent lying east of a line about as far west as the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and from the great lakes on the north to the Chesapeake Bay on the south, practically under the control of a confederacy of tribes, to which the French in after years applied the term Iroquois, and which the English called the Five Nations. This confederacy was composed of the Senecas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas and Cayugas. In the year 1712 the Tuscaroras, a tribe previously located in North Carolina, were defeated in a war with their white neighbors, and about one thousand eight hundred of them fled to what is now New York State, then the actual dwelling place of most of the Iroquois, and were adopted into the confederacy. The new tribe did not possess the energy and courage of their associates, and for several years after their coming the men wore the tobacco pouches of the women, thus acknowledging upon all occasions that they were inferior to the other five nations comprising the union which had become their protectors. After the coming of the Tuscaroras the confederacy was known as the Six Nations of Indians—a designation which is often used at the present time in law in matters pertaining to the Indians of New York State.

The date of the formation of this confederacy has never been settled with any degree of certainty, and all attempts have ended in mere conjecture and speculation. The most authentic tradition heretofore published places the date about the year 1589, but there is no positive proof that this date is accurate. The legend of its

formation here published is not only based upon what was considered reliable authority by Cornplanter, but has also the sanction of that other noted Seneca chief, Governor Blacksnake (the Nephew), who was contemporaneous with Cornplanter, and who was probably born about the year 1736 and died in 1859, at the supposed age of one hundred and twenty-three years. These chiefs both claimed to have seen a string of wampum in their early years that placed the formation of the confederacy at a time when there occurred a total eclipse of the sun—"a darkening of the Great Spirit's smiling face"—that took place when the corn was receiving its last tillage, long before events that could be reliably ascribed to the year 1540.

At this point it will be well to say that the Indians possessed strings of wampum which actually recorded historical events. They were made upon the skins of some animal and were formed of small pieces of bone, variously shaped and colored, small stones, and a variety of small shells, quills and sometimes the teeth or claws of animals. These were strung upon the tanned skin by piercing holes through them and tying them securely with sinews. Certain ones in the tribe were selected as keepers of the wampum and it was their duty to store all necessary facts in their memory and associate with them the successive lines and arrangement of the stones, shells, quills, etc., so that they could be readily called to mind. At general councils these records were brought before the people and solemnly expounded. As these people possessed remarkable memories, the meaning of the wampum string was accurately carried down from generation to generation.

The place of holding the council that formed the confederacy has also been the subject of some dispute, but it is pretty certain that it was near the northern end of either Seneca or Cayuga Lake, and that it took place in that year previous to 1540 in which occurred

an eclipse of the sun in the month when the corn receives its last tilling.

Professor Lewis Swift, of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, kindly furnished the following table of dates:

Annular Eclipse - - -	October 11, 1520
Annular Eclipse - - -	May 8, 1491
Total Eclipse - - - -	July 29, 1478
Total Eclipse - - - -	June 28, 1451
Annular Eclipse - - - -	April 26, 1427

The first given, October, 1520, is out of the question, as the corn would have been harvested at that time of year.

The second, May, 1491, would have been too early in the season to comply with the conditions of the wampum record, for the corn would hardly have made its appearance above the ground as early as the 8th of May.

The third, the last of July, 1478, will not answer the account given, for the ears of the maize would have been forming at that time and the plant would have passed its period of tillage.

The fourth date, June 28, 1451, must, therefore, have been the one upon which the confederation took place, as at that time of the year the corn in Central New York is about ready for its final tilling.

Upon the authority of these two chiefs it is not difficult to believe that this date is historically correct and that the incident related in the legend was the occasion upon which this wonderful union of republics was formed. Considered as a government formed by a savage people, the confederation of the Iroquois certainly was a wonderful union. Had it not been broken and destroyed by the whites after a series of wars extending over two centuries and culminating in the great village-burning expedition of Sullivan in

1779, this confederacy would have made rapid progress in civilization.

Among the Five Nations alone can be found the Indian of the novelist and poet. The Iroquois stand out and above all other aboriginal inhabitants in their intelligence, their oratory, their friendship and their character. Had they been treated with fairness; had they not been made the subjects of the most cruel wrongs and deceptions; had they not been driven to retaliation and finally to relentless slaughter, the pages of our histories would doubtless have recorded of this people achievements of which any nation might be proud.

A Legend of the River, Page 47.—This story was told of the Genesee River and Falls, and is occasionally heard among the older Senecas at the present time. It is said that one family of the Senecas were very much opposed to signing the treaty that surrendered the territory surrounding the scene of this legend. They claimed to be descendants of Tonadahwa and her brave rescuer, and believed that the spirits of their dead ancestors often visited the scene of their adventure and upon this spot plighted anew their troth. There is little doubt that this story, in the main, is true, and that a young Indian and a maiden, whom he was trying to rescue from a warrior of another tribe, were almost miraculously preserved alive after being carried over the Genesee Falls in a canoe. This legend has been put forth in various ways, one of which was that the Indians living near Niagara Falls were accustomed to sacrifice annually to the spirit of the Falls by sending the fairest maiden of the tribe over the precipice in a white birch canoe, decked with fruits and flowers. Frequently male relatives or lovers are said to have accompanied or followed victims who were set apart for this sacrifice. If this is so it must have been a practice of some other tribe

than those composing the Iroquois, for the Iroquoan tribes did not practice customs which called for the sacrifice of human life, unless the sacrifice was self-imposed.

Legends of the Corn, Page 51.—Corn, or maize, was the chief food of the Indians and consequently there were many legends concerning its origin. The two here given were looked upon as the oldest. The Indians had a firm belief that it was possible to change one's form, unless the one desiring the change was unfortunate enough to be under the influence of some evil spirit that out of malice prevented the transformation. The Indian women were especially proud of the legend attributing the origin of the maize to the frightened maiden fleeing from her lover, and it was told to their daughters very often and with many extravagant embellishments.

The First Winter, Page 55.—The Indians were taught never to speak ill of any of the celestial bodies or of the works of nature. They must never complain of the glare and heat of the sun, lest they be stricken blind; nor must they complain of the clouds for fear that they might be shut up in caves in the mountains where no light could enter. The moon must be treated with the same respect and consideration, for those who said aught against her were in imminent danger of death by a fall of rocks from the sky. The most severe storms of wind, snow, frost or hail must be treated only with great respect. Those who complained about them were by this act unarmed and could not resist their attacks and rigors. In fact, they were taught to "take the bitter with the sweet" without making wry faces. This training through long generations rendered the race cold and stoical, apparently indifferent to suffering. They probably suffered the same as others, but they bore it

without a sign. This legend was a very common one and was frequently told the young in order that the lesson might be deeply impressed upon them that they should never set themselves up in opposition to the Great Spirit or complain of the enforcement of his laws.

THE STORY OF ONIATA, Page 63.—Cornplanter held that there were many traditions among the Indians that in one way or another mentioned persons who were described as white; and this, too, long before the coming of the Europeans. One tradition was to the effect that thousands of years ago, away off to the southwest, there was a tribe of Indians in which were born several children who were made "like the Great Spirit, with faces as the sun." They were said to be very proud of the distinction and also to have been great warriors. They were believed to have wandered to the south and finally to have been lost in the mountains. After the coming of the Europeans this tradition was revived, and the ever-ready imagination of the Indians added a sequel to the disappearance of the "white Indians." They said the whites had gone across the bitter lake (the ocean) and founded the nations of the pale faces and were now returning to conquer and subdue their forefathers. It was Cornplanter's belief that this was the older continent and that the Indian was nearest the original creation. He did not believe these traditional white people were as white as the English. They possessed all the Indian features, he said, but had light-colored skins and light hair.

Since this volume was made ready for publication the author found in a Western newspaper an account of the return from New Mexico of a Mr. Williamson, who had been spending some months in an out-of-the-way place in that territory among the Moqui Indians. Mr. Williamson told an interesting story about a family

of that tribe the members of which are white. He saw these people and asserts there is no doubt as to their color. He also says they are without doubt pure Indians and that they have none of the characteristics of the Albinos often seen among the Negroes. The family is known far and wide among the Indians themselves, but as their place of residence is some distance from the usual routes traveled by white men, they are rarely seen by others than the race to which they belong. The Indians look upon them as something holier than the rest of the tribe, and hence do not talk about them to outsiders. The narrator stated that the head man of the family says that there is a tradition among them that they originally came from the north and settled among the Moqui people, where they have been so long that they have lost all knowledge of the northern tribe and were not certain that they now spoke the language of their progenitors. When any of the Moqui married into the family, their children were always white. This discovery, if true—and there seems no reason for such a statement unless it be true—is interesting in this connection and may be looked upon by some as a proof of the claim that about the year A. D. 400 a race of white people occupied the territory bordering the southern shores of the great lakes, and that they were driven away by red men who came from still further north. Of course this is speculation and will probably remain a mystery as long as the world stands.

The Buzzard's Covering, Page 77.—This legend regarding the buzzard's plumage was often told by the Indians to illustrate the failure of some one of their number to win success in marriage or upon the chase. "We wear the turkey buzzard's feathers," said one of the Sioux chiefs a few years ago when making complaint to a Congressional committee. Few of those who heard him understood the metaphor and the supposition was that he referred to the

plainness of his clothing compared with that of the politicians who met him. This expression coming from a Sioux chief proves that at least some of the legends common among the Iroquois centuries ago can be traced among the tribes of the West at the present time. A white man to convey the same meaning would say, "We have the worst end of the bargain," or, "We have only a crooked stick at last."

ORIGIN OF THE VIOLET, Page 81.—The Indian term for the violet is "heads entangled." This is not one of the legends told by Cornplanter. It was told the author by a Seneca Indian named Simon Blackchief. Afterwards the authenticity of the legend was confirmed by inquiries among other members of the Seneca Nation.

THE TURTLE CLAN, Page 85.—Of the various clans existing among the Iroquois the Turtle was probably the most respected. The families belonging to the Turtles were in reality the Freemasons of those days and to them were accorded the highest honors. At the council-fires the wisdom of the Turtles was displayed in counselling unity of action. Their opinions were almost always accepted without discussion.

THE HEALING WATERS, Page 89.—The Indians possessed for many years a knowledge of the curative properties of the mineral springs of this country and held the waters in the highest veneration. Their faith in them was so great that some did not hesitate to declare that the waters would cure all ills. Another spring that they held in high reverence was an oil spring situated in Allegany County, New York State, near the Pennsylvania line. The water of this spring is covered with a thick substance that was formerly collected by the Indians by conducting the water into pools and

skimming the surface with flat stones or the branches of trees. The oil thus collected was used to mix with various substances to form war paint, but more especially as a healing salve for various wounds. The Indians knew of its existence for many centuries, and there were few days in summer when bands of Indians were not in that vicinity gathering the oil, which they evaporated by exposure to the sun and then stored in rawhide or earthen vessels for future use. Years ago the spring and a plot of ground one mile square was set aside as a reservation, and it is still held as such. A curious fact in this connection is that the oil from the spring was vaseline in its crude state, and the same substance is now extensively secured from petroleum oil wells in that vicinity.

The Message Bearers, Page 119.—The belief of the Indians that the echoes they heard among the mountains and forests were spirits who repeated from one to another the words spoken by the men and women until the words reached Heaven itself, is almost too beautiful to be destroyed by the cold facts of science. There is something about their theory that appeals very strongly to all and makes us wish that we, like the Indians of a thousand years ago, could believe that our prayers, if spoken boldly, would be caught from our lips by waiting and listening spirits and carried to "the tent of the Great Spirit."

It was customary for them to frequent rivers with high wooded banks, or to seek ravines with precipitous sides where reverberations could be heard for miles, until they would die away in the distance. ' Here they would stand for hours, shouting and listening as the echoing shouts leaped from shore to shore, or from hill to mountain and from mountain to valley—on and on into silence; always firmly believing that the words were called from one to another of the faithful spirits until they reached the ears of their

loved ones and finally the Great Spirit himself. This custom was practiced among the Senecas less than one hundred years ago, and there are now living men who have been present on occasions when nearly the whole tribe participated in an event of this character. This belief was doubtless the origin of the "death shout" that Indian warriors are said to make when mortally wounded upon the battle field. The cry is sent forth by the dying warrior to let the friends whom he would meet in heaven know that he has started on the long journey.

THE HUNTER, Page 129.—This legend is one of the many relating the origin of the "medicine compound." When the rejoicing over the return to life of Kanistigia had ceased, the bear and fox took him aside and imparted the secret of the mysterious compound which had mended his wounded head when once the scalp had been restored. There has always been a great deal of mystery, and something of superstition, concerning "Indian medicines," and quack nostrums have been eagerly sought by people of these later years simply because they were labeled with Indian names and ascribed to Indian origin. The fact is the Indians were poor doctors. They knew the virtue of catnip, peppermint, pennyroyal, and a few simple herbs of like nature. They knew that lobelia would act as an emetic and throw poisons from the stomach. They found that a salve made from the inner bark of the slippery elm and elder would heal wounds. While they had an infinite variety of so-called "medicines," their cures were generally effected through faith and good constitutions, aided by a liberal use of cold water. They lived out of doors during the greater part of their lives, and to this, more than to their knowledge of cures, may be ascribed their longevity.

The secret of their "great medicine" was imparted to but few,

and the formula here given was told the author by one of the older Jimmersons, a resident of the Seneca Reservation: Each year before the coming of the frosts a meeting of the chiefs was held in one of the largest wigwams. Those entitled to attend could not enter the wigwam before dark. Each one brought with him several of the rarest herbs, roots, branches of trees or fruits of which he had knowledge, and often hundreds of miles had been traversed in the search for some particularly scarce product. These, with a few simple, fragrant herbs and a certain proportion of dry corn and beans, were pounded into a pulpy mass. Each one present assumed the character of some bird or animal, and they often masqueraded to carry out the rôle. No words passed between them, but a continual din was kept up as each one sounded the cries of the bird or animal he represented. One would bark like a fox, another caw like a crow, a third would growl like a bear, the fourth, fifth and sixth chatter like squirrels, raccoons or ground-hogs. Another would scream like a hawk, while others would imitate the wild turkey, geese, ducks, etc. They worked rapidly, for they must complete their task before the break of day. If one closed his eyes in sleep, it was a sure sign that the plague would come upon the tribe. At daylight the compound was divided, carefully bestowed in panther skin pouches, and carried away for future use.

The manner of administering it was as curious as its manufacture. Water was dipped from a running stream in a wooden vessel. Care was taken to dip with the current—never against it. When the water in the vessel had become absolutely quiet, three small portions of the powder were carefully dropped on its surface in the form of a triangle. If the powder spread over the surface of the water, as dust often will, the patient hastily gulped down the dose and got well. If the powder sank to the bottom without spread-

ing over the surface, the medicine man quickly departed with his potion and no further effort was made to save the patient's life.

HIAWATHA, Page 137.—This version of Hiawatha follows as closely as it is possible to translate into English the legend as told by Governor Blacksnake (The Nephew). This aged Seneca chief was contemporaneous with Cornplanter, and died December 26, 1859, at the age of 117 or 120 years. He was a very intelligent man, possessing all the nobler traits of his race and very few, if any, of the baser ones. He possessed the confidence and esteem of Washington, and to the day of his death wore upon a thong around his neck a silver medal given him by Washington. He also constantly carried a little leathern pouch containing a pass written and signed by Washington's own hand.

It is believed that many will be pleased to read in prose the beautiful story that Longfellow has immortalized in verse, and into which he wove many other curious legends to make the story complete. The form of the tradition here given is believed to be the purest one extant. Its narrator repeated it frequently to assemblages of the Senecas up to a few months prior to his death, and as here given follows the story precisely as it came from Blacksnake's own lips.

This legendary account of the formation of the confederacy of the Iroquois differs materially from the historical account as given by Cornplanter. The story of Hiawatha was believed by Cornplanter as implicitly as any Christian believes the Bible. But he said this happened so many years ago, when everything was spiritual and supernatural, that the Five Nations in time came to look upon it as something that was not binding upon them. By degrees they drifted away and were estranged, and the council-fire combined and lighted by Hiawatha at that time was permitted to

go out—that is, each tribe held its separate council. After the second reunion of the tribes (see note and legend "The Confederation of the Iroquois") the council was again established at Onondaga, and the great council-fire was relighted on the spot hallowed by the presence of their wisest leader. It is also interesting to note that the councils of the Iroquois were held at Onondaga until January 18, 1777. In the War of the Revolution the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas and Cayugas favored the English. The Mohawks went to Canada and never returned, save as foes, till after peace was declared, and the other tribes named lent the English much assistance. The Oneidas and Tuscaroras remained neutral, but really aided the Colonists. On the 19th of January, 1777, a delegation of Oneida Indians visited Fort Stanwix (now Rome), and told the commanding officer that the council-fire of the Iroquois at Onondaga had the previous day been extinguished for all time. What was probably the oldest confederacy in the world died in the very infancy of American Independence.

The Peacemaker, Page 149.—The location of this "City of Refuge" will, of course, never be known, and all that can be said about it must be simply speculation. It seems reasonable to suppose that it was located in a somewhat central position; where it would be most convenient to all the tribes. From the fact that Genetaska and her lover went southward to a river and took a canoe to complete their wedding trip, it is believed that Kienuka was situated in one of the three valleys in the central part of the State of New York, drained respectively by the Tioughnioga, the Chenango or the Unadilla rivers. The eloping couple are said to have been the progenitors of a very intelligent tribe on Chesapeake Bay, and probably reached their home by way of the Susquehanna River. Elias Johnson, a Tuscarora Indian, gives a somewhat differ-

ent version of this legend, and says that Kienuka was located four miles eastward of the inlet of the Niagara gorge at Lewiston. Although Mr. Johnson is possessed of much information as to the early legends of his people, it is probable that he has erred in the location of the peace-home. The location he points out would have been manifestly unfair to the Mohawks and Oneidas, and, indeed, it would have been very difficult of access to all the tribes, for even the Senecas (the westernmost tribe) would have had to make a journey of nearly a hundred miles to have gotten within the sacred walls.

Wherever it was, Kienuka was a veritable "City of Refuge." Its queen was chosen as indicated in the legend and her word became law. There was absolutely no appeal from it. With three or four retainers, who must be old women, she was supported by all the tribes, and great quantities of food were stored at the retreat for the relief of those who came there in distress. This must be ready at all times for those who might be in want. Disputes were not tolerated in the presence of the Peacemaker and would have been punished by death if reported to the council. Every one who reached the charmed circle was safe from molestation until the Peacemaker had delivered her sentence. If for some offence the refugee should be adjudged guilty of a crime punishable by death, he must be taken far from the peace-home before the sentence could be executed, for the shedding of blood within its pale was strictly forbidden. For this reason, when deserted by Genetaska, whose vows were forgotten in the love she bore the young Oneida, Kienuka became the scene of bloodshed, and it was afterwards shunned, accursed and desolated.

Six hundred years elapsed after the occurrence of this romantic incident before the office of Queen Peacemaker was again filled. The shock the Indians felt over the betrayal of such a high trust as

that imposed in Genetaska led them to practically abolish the venerated custom. In 1878 they bestowed the honor upon Caroline Parker, a sister of General Eli S. Parker, a former member of General Grant's staff. She was a resident of the Tuscarora Reservation, and afterwards became the wife of John Mountpleasant. She is possessed of a comfortable home and a fortune of moderate size. She is a woman of education and refinement, and is in all respects an ideal Peacemaker. Her home is ever open to the poor, distressed and needy; her heart is moved by pity at every sign of suffering; her sound judgment and fine sensibilities render her a most valuable friend and counsellor.

An Unwelcome Visitor, Page 155.—This legend was as common among the Indians as are the parables of the Prodigal Son or the Good Samaritan among Christians. It was told to the young very impressively and often, that they might learn by its teachings never to refuse welcome and shelter to a stranger, no matter what his condition, even though he be covered with the awful pustules of smallpox, with which the visitor in the legend is supposed to have been suffering. If they should refuse shelter, they might be, unawares, turning "good medicine" from the door. This is also one of the legends explaining the origin of the knowledge possessed by the Indians of the curative properties of plants and roots. Unfortunately the name of the benefactress of their race who figures in the legend has been lost, but in all tribes and clans there have been noted Sagawahs who were supposed to be her descendants. As no one could enter the Happy Hunting-Grounds except through the gate of death, the Great Spirit's messenger, who had gone through much suffering for the welfare of the red men, brought upon himself the "fatal disease"—consumption—for which the Indians had no remedy.